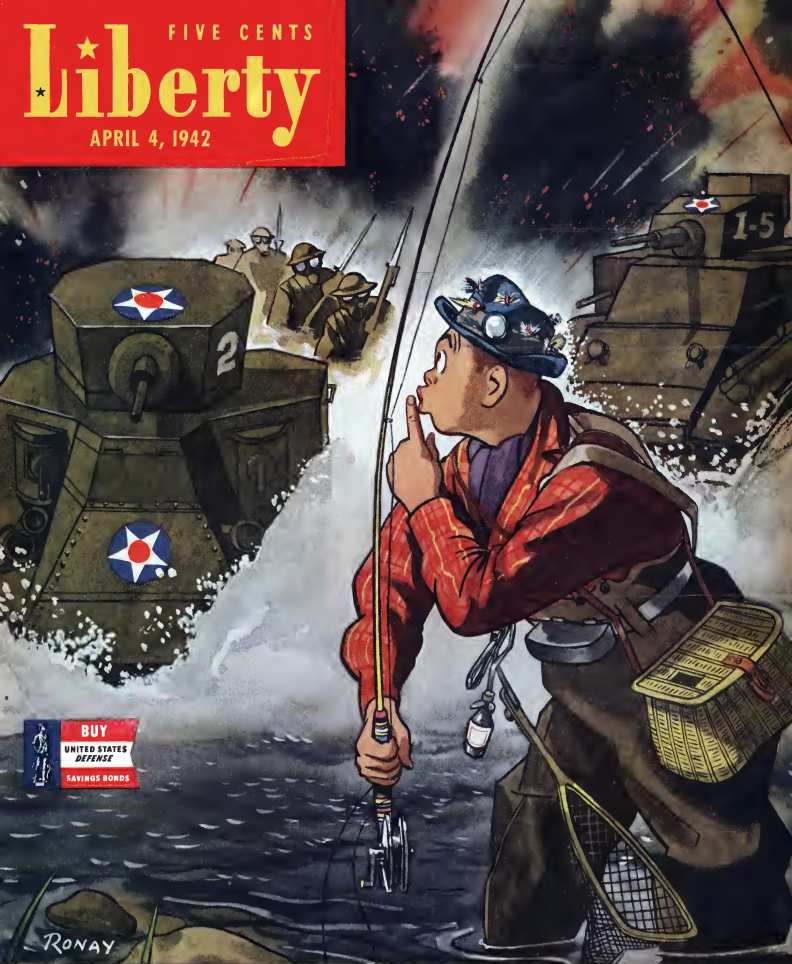


FIVE CENTS
Liberty
★
APRIL 4, 1942



MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES NO EVIL
BY RAYMOND CLAPPER



A birthday wish together—over good food and Wine

Wine is for times when those
we care for draw close and
enjoy each other

Some time soon, share wine with people
you are fond of. When you do, you will
make a discovery.

You'll find a deeper value to wine than
its glowing, lordly color in your glass . . .
or the interesting experience its taste and
bouquet bring you.

You'll discover wine is for friendship.
Made on purpose for relaxation of the moderate
kind most of us prefer now. When you
serve wine you help everybody to ease up

from the strains of the day, and be good
companions.

That seems to be a major reason why more
and more people are coming to prefer wine.

The friendly nature of wine suggests you
serve it simply—as tea and coffee are served.
If you would like a new booklet about wine
serving, it's free — just write to the Wine
Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San
Francisco. The Board represents all the
wine growers in California.

When you come to select wines, it's worth
knowing that judges find California wines
excellent by any standard in the world. Let
your dealer help you choose from among the
good wines of California.



A red table wine like Burgundy or Claret brings to
perfection the natural goodness of roast beef or any
"red" meat. With chicken or sea food, set out white
table wine like Dry Sauterne. For evenings at home,
refreshment wines such as Port or Muscatel are
justly famous. And as an appetizer—Sherry!

First-Class Fighting Man



BACK of the American soldier is a tradition of valor that extends unbroken from Lexington and Saratoga to the mountains of Batan. Give him training and equipment and you can trust him to lick anything that moves on feet or wheels or wings.

The United States Army has a secret weapon . . . secret only because it can never be comprehended by dictator nations. *It is an army of free Americans, willingly serving the land that made them free.*

Today your country needs this spirit in its fighting men as never before. Here is *your* opportunity. Men 18 and 19 years old, with keenness, enthusiasm and daring, are especially desired. Thousands of patriotic young men are entering

the Army through voluntary enlistment and the Selective Service System, and you can be one of them, sharing the comradeship and the splendid training of Army life. On the ground or in the air, there's a place where you are needed, *now*.

Call at the nearest Army Recruiting Station and get full details on how you can best serve your country.

VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED FOR PARACHUTE DUTY

Qualified men may now enlist direct from civilian life for service with the Army's parachute troops. Volunteers must be from 18 to 30 years old, alert, active, aggressive fighters, with strength and endurance. You can obtain full information from your local Army Recruiting Officers.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area.....Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area.....Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area.....Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area.....Atlanta, Ga.

Fifth Corps Area.....Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area.....Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.....Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area.....Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area.....Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to: Enlisted Division, B-4, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.





VOX POP

"FAITH IS THE EVIDENCE": A LIBERTY REPORT CHECKED

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—I read with deep interest Science Looks at the Healings of Lourdes, by Morris Markey, in Liberty. There must be millions of people today who believe in the healing power of faith, and there should eventually be found some reasonable explanation.

Perhaps the simple statements and teachings of the man Jesus might give some clue. As one man expressed it, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—*Harry Gambichler.*

DRY YOUR TEARS, GENIE

five-year-old daughter, she said, "Why couldn't he play with Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair?"—*Eleanor W. Pannier.*

So let's leave the signals alone and realize that perhaps on — — — — the lives of our boys may depend.—
Brakeman, S. P. R. R.

The dodo was a funny bird. No wonder
he's no more.

Don't be a dodo, looking back at things that's past and gone, Afraid to face the future for fear of being wrong. A backswing is important, but you've got to look ahead, Or, like the foolish dodo, you'll be gone, forgot, and dead! — J. A. Burgoon.

POWER TEST FOR EDITORIAL: CAN IT REVIVE A ROOSTER?

It doesn't merely hit the bull's-eye but hits the bull's-eye's exact center.

When the writer says "these are not mere words" he makes an entire speech in just five words.

AHOY! BUT SAY, MISTER,
 YOU MAKE US NERVOUS.

SAILORMEN'S ETIQUETTE NEEDED ASHORE?

Must strikes waste our precious time? I do not remember hearing my husband say that the sailors on his ship demand double pay before going into battle.

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A WARTIME MESSAGE

to the 2,000,000 owners of Servel Gas Refrigerators

ON APRIL 30TH, the last refrigerator for normal civilian use will have rolled off the lines at Servel—and at every other refrigerator plant in America.

From that day—and until victory is won—every resource and facility of this industry not already devoted to war production will be geared to all-out manufacture of these vital materials.



Because automatic refrigerators have come to play such an important part in the lives of most families, it is natural that this change-over may raise some questions in people's minds. "Will my present one last?" "Suppose it doesn't?" "Can I still get service?"



You, as a Servel owner, are familiar with the qualities of the Gas Refrigerator. You remember your reasons for buying it. You can be assured, therefore, of this:

Your refrigerator is *not* likely to need repairs. There are no moving parts in its freezing system. No moving parts means nothing to wear or cause noise. It means long life.

Besides, the order stopping the manufacture of refrigerators will not reduce or impair facilities for inspection and service. Servel will continue to cooperate with Gas Utilities, Distributors and Dealers in servicing Servel Refrigerators. You can feel confident that your refrigerator will *continue* to operate—will *continue* to provide you and your family with safe food protection and ice cubes.



Today, Gas Companies are also serving you *another* way. Their home economists are working hand-in-glove with the government on the National Nutrition Program. They'll show you how to feed your family better and more economically. Give you latest information on foods that keep you fit.

Looking beyond today, no one can say for sure what refrigerators are going to be like when peace returns. No one knows. But this *is* certain—that there *will* be refrigerators—that *we'll* be making them (and who knows what other modern appliances!)—and that they'll be *finer* than ever.

SERVEL, Inc.

Makers of the Refrigerator That "Stays Silent, Lasts Longer"

TWO STRIKES AGAINST YOU

when you have
double O

If you have "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath) you're starting out at a double disadvantage in a social world that bristles with competition. Why be careless when there is often something you can do about it?

What to Do About It

Why not guard against "Double O" with Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic—the delightful double precaution so many popular men and women use?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste is created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many women say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

And for a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and



the double precaution against

double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

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April 4, 1942

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

COVER BY STEPHEN ROBERT

NEXT WEEK

April 11, 1942

ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS

War, mystery, and love. There is a recipe for a thrilling novel, and **CORRY FORD** in the serial starting in Liberty next week has blended them into a fast mov-



ing story that will hold your attention from the opening words to its gripping conclusion. This is definitely a story for two kinds of people—men and women!

GLIDERS FOR WAR

by **FRANK PAUL WISBAR** with **FRED ALLHOFF**, tells the inside story of Germany's success with these new weapons. The Nazis caught their glider pilots young and trained 'em. The authors also suggest a grand plan for the air-minded youngsters of America which deserves the attention of all who are concerned with "Keep 'Em Flying" . . . as who isn't?

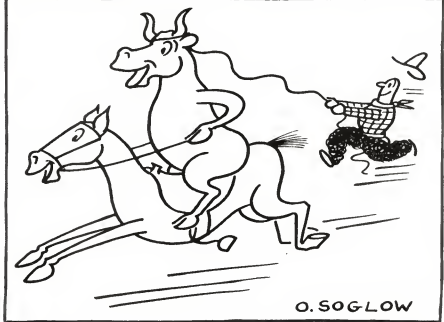
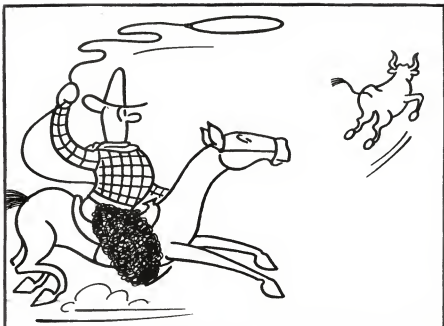
WANTED IN WASHINGTON: BRAINS

In words and deeds "**BILL**" **BATT** is known as one of the hardest hitters in the administration. As director of materials for the War Production Board he has to be. In his Liberty article Mr. Batt lives up to his reputation and lets the chips



fall where they may . . . declares "it can happen here" unless we stop thinking that "it won't happen here."

ALSO NEXT WEEK: An unusual sports article by **BILL CUNNINGHAM** about a golfer who, in 1941, was "often a bridesmaid but never a bride"; sparkling fiction by **CLARA WALLACE OVERTON**, **NEWLIN B. WILDES**, and **MARGERY SHARP**; some pictures that'll make you glad you're an American; our usual departments and features, plus some typical humor by **BOB BURNS**, and an article that will really surprise you, *I Can Tell You About the Japs*, by **JOAN FONTAINE**, recent Motion Picture Academy Award winner!



O. SOGLOW



COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KELLOGG COMPANY. PHOTOGRAPH ON AGFA FILM

In Praise of Oomph!

We don't say that eating KELLOGG'S PEP will give your child this zestful energy. But we do say that youngsters can't have abundant pep unless they get all their vitamins. And we say that KELLOGG'S PEP—that extra-delicious cereal—is extra-rich in the two vitamins, B₁ and D, that are least plentiful in ordinary meals, yet so important to your child's diet. Won't you try it?

CARELESSNESS CAN LOSE THE WAR

☆ SIXTY million dollars' worth of steel and machinery lies in the mud of New York harbor because of carelessness.

The U. S. S. Lafayette, largest and fastest ship in the world when she was launched as the Normandie, was not destroyed by enemy agents. A spark from the acetylene torch of an American workman was just as effective as an Axis incendiary. Within a few days the great liner would have gone into service as our navy's finest transport, apparently destined to do the job in this war that the Leviathan did in the last. Then, because of some one's carelessness, she was turned into a useless hulk and lost, perhaps for the duration of this war, certainly for months and months.

The alertness of an army private might well have converted a dismayed disaster into a decisive victory. But the carelessness and indifference of his superior officer altered the course of history at Pearl Harbor.

The abundance which we Americans have had in greater measure than any other people has made us careless. We have wasted because we thought there would never be a time when our resources could be exhausted. We even became careless of human life and we killed 40,000 of our own people on the highways each year.

Now we are in a war which conceivably can be lost. Will Pearl Harbor and the Normandie and other catastrophes teach us the lesson we must learn before it is too late? We can learn it . . . and we must learn it if we are to go on to eventual victory.

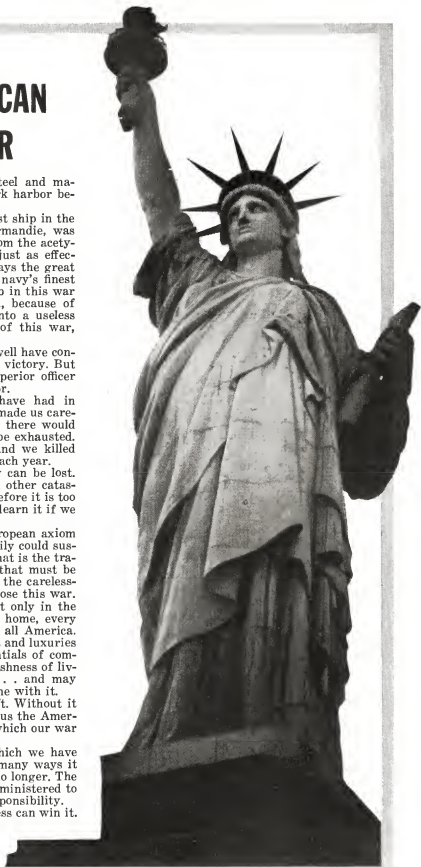
For decades before the war it was a European axiom that the garbage pail of one American family could sustain one comparable Continental family. That is the tradition which haunts us. It is a tradition that must be broken and forever destroyed. The care or the carelessness of each American family can win or lose this war.

It is a total war. It is being fought not only in the Pacific and the Atlantic but also in every home, every office, every factory, and on every farm of all America. We must and we can do without the gadgets and luxuries we have come to take for granted as essentials of common living. What might be termed the lavishness of living has gone as long as the war lasts . . . and may be gone forever unless carelessness has gone with it.

We must return to the hardpan of thrift. Without it our ancestors could never have bequeathed us the American way of life. Thrift is the bedrock on which our war economy must stand.

The society in which we live and to which we have dedicated our war effort is voluntary. In many ways it has been a selfish society. It can be selfish no longer. The restrictions and rationings must be self-administered to be effective. Each of us has a personal responsibility.

Carelessness can lose this war. Carefulness can win it.



APRIL 4, 1942 . . . LIBERTY . . . VOLUME 19, NUMBER 14

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Washington, WALTER KARIO • War, ROBERT LOW • Home Front, FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Current Events, MORRIS MARKEY • Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Books, DONALD GORDON

MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES NO EVIL



ACNE

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ You have to think of Mrs. Roosevelt as you would about the strong man at the circus. She simply has several times the physical energy of the average person.

I never realized that until long after Mrs. Roosevelt had moved into the White House. It was the time she drafted several of us broken-down, flat-footed newspaper correspondents into one of her Virginia reels.

None of us had done the Virginia reel since we were kids. We all knew it was too late to start in again. But when Mrs. Roosevelt decides it would be nice to do the Virginia reel, you do the Virginia reel. She may be gentle and humble, always eager to understand the other person's problems. But when it comes to dancing, she is a woman of iron will. You dance.

Well, a dozen of us were rounded up at the White House one night to rehearse. Mrs. Roosevelt decided to put us into bright-colored colonial satin breeches, with tail jackets and lace ruffles on the cuffs, so we could do a really old-fashioned Virginia reel, Mount Vernon style, at the White House newspaper party that year.

Rehearsal night found Mrs. Roosevelt all ready to go. She had returned to Washington that morning about 5 A. M. from one of her trips down into a West Virginia coal mine. She had written her column, entertained guests at luncheon, seen half a dozen people by appointment, taken a horseback ride, finished off an early dinner, and when we arrived in the East Room, there she was, waltzing around

the empty floor with her brother, the late Hall Roosevelt.

We lined up and for half an hour swung our partners until we were gasping. We couldn't go on any longer, so Mrs. Roosevelt gave us a ten-minute recess. We dropped exhausted to the floor, but Mrs. Roosevelt took her son Elliott around the East Room in a fast waltz while we recovered our breath. Then we went back at the rehearsal for another half hour. As we dragged ourselves out of the East Room that night, Mrs. Roosevelt was still waltzing around the floor, waving good-bye to us over the sagging shoulder of brother Hall.

After that I knew it was no use to try to judge Mrs. Roosevelt by what you would expect of an ordinary person.

And on the night of the party, Mrs. Roosevelt swung us around so heartily that several of us were tossed halfway out of our bright satin minstrel jackets, so that we barely escaped disastrous exposure, as it was a hot night and we had stripped down to nothing underneath our satin clothes and lace ruffles.

Mrs. Roosevelt's triumph was complete. She had put a troupe of spavined old fire horses through what

no doubt seemed to her the gay and light-footed spirit of the dance. She was sure that it did our souls good, as it had done hers.

Mrs. Roosevelt has psychoanalyzed herself as a diffident, longing child, who felt tall and awkward and envious of the other girls who took to graceful ballet steps like little mermaids to water, while she must practice so hard. Perhaps there is a clue. For in Mrs. Roosevelt's many activities dancing has a prominent place, and I think I can understand how she felt that Mayris Chaney's plan to teach children to dance during air raids was something that the Office of Civilian Defense must undertake in spite of the snorts of Mayor La Guardia and the doubts of James M. Landis, the executive officer of OCD.

Sweet, gentle, and kind—yes. But don't fool yourself. There's a core of iron, too. There wasn't any more chance of our escaping that Virginia reel at the White House than there was of electing Alf Landon President. And I can well imagine the blank look of incredulity that must have come over Mrs. Roosevelt's face when the first objection to hiring Mayris Chaney for OCD was raised.

I know of one woman magazine



At a migrant worker hearing, Mrs. Roosevelt reported conditions at camps as "pretty bad."

writer who, before Mr. Roosevelt was elected President for the first time, wrote something that displeased Mrs. Roosevelt. The morning after election, the young woman's employer received a telephone call from Roosevelt headquarters. The word was that, after the Roosevelts' move into the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt would hold regular press conferences for women only. If this editor wished to be represented, he had better get himself a new woman writer who would be more acceptable to Mrs. Roosevelt. Fortunately, the feud, though a long one, did not in the least interfere with the writer's progress in her profession.

Most of Mrs. Roosevelt's troubles, however, flow from a really good heart. She can be perverse and headstrong and she can blunder into unfortunate controversies. Yet, if these incidents are studied from her point of view, it will be seen that usually they are the eggs which, in spite of the mother instinct, hatch out into ugly ducklings instead of into the expected adorable little cotton-ball chicks. These cruel tricks of nature leave Mrs. Roosevelt baffled but unshaken in her maternal loyalty to her brood. She mothers each and every one, for better or for worse—the Mayris Chaney's, the Joe Lashes, and the thousands of them that you will never hear about because they have turned out well.

★ **MRS. ROOSEVELT'S** belief in people and their good intentions often overpowers her judgment. During nine years in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt has been exposed to all of the scheming, selfish, grasping, clawing side of human nature that storms so fiercely around that throne of power. Still, Mrs. Roosevelt sees no evil, hears no evil, thinks no evil. Some call that being plain gullible. But she goes on, looking for sorrow and trouble to heal, telephoning the State Department to ask if they won't please get a visa for some poor victim who wants to get out of Europe, never realizing that she is thereby shoving a favorite case in ahead of hundreds of others, all possibly equally heartrending. She does not seem to realize—or does she?—that her slightest word, spoken ever so softly to an official appointed by her husband, has the impact on his mind of an executive order.

Mrs. Roosevelt says she didn't "appoint" Miss Chaney. She only "suggested" it. When delegates to a Youth Congress meeting in Washington could find no place to sleep, Mrs. Roosevelt got on the telephone and had them bedded down in the riding hall at Fort Myer. That was criticized in Congress as a misuse of government property; which no doubt the army officers at Fort Myer understood, but how could they refuse a request from the wife of the commander in chief? You just don't. The cost of the bedding down was later paid back to the army by private persons. Department of Agriculture officials became indifferent to a little bulletin, the Consumers Guide, which

Mrs. Roosevelt had induced them to start. They dropped it to save money. Mrs. Roosevelt got busy, and the Consumers Guide was resumed in no time at all. Officials simply cannot ignore a request, however gently phrased, from the First Lady. In turn, knowing her back-door power, they are constantly appealing to her to lobby for their pet projects. They know that if they make a sale to her, she will get action.

That kind of activity disturbs the functioning of the government. It is from that kind of thing that the really important criticism arises, not from those of Mrs. Roosevelt's activities which fall entirely outside of the government orbit. Who can seriously object when Mrs. Roosevelt takes Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world, into the homes of stranded West Virginia coal miners to bring their plight to national attention through publicity? How can anything except good come from her visits on Christmas Eve to the dismal missions and alley dwellers of Washington?

Once Mrs. Roosevelt was invited to visit a charity institution. She found a delicious hot lunch, with meat balls and everything that those housed in the institution could want. But she was suspicious, and returned a few days later unannounced. That time she found the regular luncheon was weak, watery soup. She was able to thus prod the management of the institution. Not long ago complaints came to Mrs. Roosevelt about the high dues and other abuses in a certain local union, continued against the objections of the international union. Mrs. Roosevelt threatened to write them up in her column if they didn't stop it. They stopped. When the District of Columbia government wanted to charge a cripple the cost of an automobile license for his wheel chair, Mrs. Roosevelt intervened and got a reduced rate, as no fixed regulations interfered. When the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to allow Marian Anderson to sing in their hall,

Mrs. Roosevelt resigned and made a national incident of the affair.

As a newspaper columnist Mrs. Roosevelt is able to bring to public attention many conditions which need airing and which can be corrected by simply giving them publicity. True, she has been criticized for writing professionally, and for her hopping about the country, some 40,000 miles a year, often driving her own car, but the criticism never really took hold. After all, she had always led her own life. Although some criticized her, they had to agree in the end that, even though she was the wife of the President, she had a right to conduct her personal affairs as she pleased.

★ BUT when Mrs. Roosevelt took a position in the Office of Civilian Defense, she became a public official. She thus became answerable to the public, the same as any other public servant. She divested herself of her personal immunity. When it was discovered that Mrs. Roosevelt was placing her personal favorites and protégés in jobs around the Office of Civilian Defense, the public's sense of propriety and fairness was deeply offended. Morale inside the OCD, and outside as well, was shaken by the spectacle of a subordinate employee, who happened to be the wife of the President, flitting in and out between lecture engagements, pausing to toss a few more pets into nice jobs.

Mrs. Roosevelt does a Sunday night radio program for the Pan-American Coffee Bureau. Recently she asked Secretary of Agriculture Wickard to speak on her program about the sugar shortage. He might have had doubt about the advisability of advertising this shortage before rationing measures were ready; but he had just been rebuked by President Roosevelt for his stand about administering farm prices, and you can't blame him for not wanting to reject a request by the President's wife. His radio speech about the sugar shortage started a nation-wide hoarding rush. But Mrs. Roosevelt says she still can't understand why you can't tell the American people the truth. She didn't think people would run out and try to hoard sugar, when they should know that would only make the situation worse.

Sometimes Mrs. Roosevelt seems so naive that you wonder whether it isn't something just a little more subtle. When any one who has spent a lifetime in politics seems naive, watch out. It is the most baffling technique in the business, and so completely disarming that I have never understood why the ordinary politician didn't make more use of it, since politicians try every other crafty trick they can think of.

Mrs. Roosevelt may be gullible and naive, but when she throws her heart into a cause she works at it with persistent skill. She is a most effective and formidable propagandist. In her earlier days as First Lady she seemed to confine her causes to rather specific projects, such as the Todhunter

(Continued on page 38)



She visits an infantile paralysis victim.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

"That's all that matters, darling," she
said. "All that other stuff doesn't matter."



No OTHER WOMAN ON EARTH

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

★ WHEN he first told her, it didn't seem to matter too much. It was only afterward, when it began to grow in her mind, that it threatened to destroy everything between them.

They were so proud of their frankness; it was one of their marriage's most boasted-about adornments.

In the beginning they hadn't wanted marriage . . . either of them. They had liked their lives just as they were. Bill was a chemist for a textile company, and Tilda handled soap-opera scripts for one of the big radio advertising agencies. Bill's job was realistic . . . and he was romantic about it; Tilda's was romantic . . . and she did it realistically.

That gave them something in common, they told each other with a grin. Almost from the first they had tried to justify their interest in each other. And almost from the first they had fallen in love with each other.

All the reasons for falling in love were fuzzy and trembly. Nothing the mind could grip, but everything the heart could hold.

"It's a biological wisecrack," Bill had said; "just something to make a monkey out of logic."

"O. K.," said Tilda. "We won't take any back talk from biology."

"Oh, won't we!" Bill admitted sheepishly. "I take back talk from it every time I look at you."

They had sat across checked tablecloths in dim little restaurants and talked sensibly about it.

"You see, there's nothing about marriage I like," Bill said, "for myself, I mean. It's a cut-glass chandelier, as far as I'm concerned. No good to read by; just something ornate to try to live up to."

Tilda knew what he meant. She felt the same way. About other people's marriages. But . . . but theirs could be different. They would blaze trails. Not to tell people about, of course. Just for themselves.

They had walked through the dusk, watching the hoarse little tugs bustling along the East River, and discussed it objectively.

"We've got all history and poetry and drama against us," Bill said. "There's a tradition that you can talk honestly with every one you know . . . except your lover."

BY MARGARET
LEE RUNBECK

"That's because unconsciously you try to be better than you are, for his sake," Tilda said.

"But as good as we are is good enough," Bill said. "Starting from there . . . in the light with each other . . . that's how we'll get better."

"The only way I'd consider it at all," she had said, "is if we'd be . . . well, if mentally we'd be on a camping trip, my mind and yours, each carrying its own pack, each pulling its own weight."

"Yea-yea," Bill said excitedly. He liked that. She could see his keen blue eyes visualizing their two minds . . . his big and brawny, hers quick and nimble . . . tramping along together through the trackless waste of conventional marriage.

"That'll be our minds," he had said crisply. Then he turned around and took her in his arms, there on the windy street. He bent down his face and kissed her, as entrancingly as if his very love were a hood of quietness shutting out the noise of the world and closing in its own tumultuous music of pounding pulses.

When he could speak again, he said softly, "And our bodies will be old-fashioned lovers."

"Yes," she said, and they shook hands in swift droll agreement, "as old-fashioned as possible."

So they had married, and this was her secret formula for her part of the pact: a blue denim mind and a chiffon body. For nearly two years it had worked.

It hadn't been easy at first. But it had been exciting. There were such things to discover about each other. Lands of thinking where neither of them ever had ventured before, jungles of feminine intricacy to help each other through; plains of masculine simplification, bringing horizons near and graspable. Wasting no strategy on concealment, they could turn instead to new discovery.

They talked to each other the way they thought to themselves. Bill said

that was why they loved each other the way people usually love only themselves, humorously and yet constantly. Without ever a thought of falling out of love . . . any more than you can contemplate falling out of sympathy with yourself.

"Living with you is like having all the fun of a dormitory . . . a co-educational dormitory," Bill said once. "I never had such good discussions with a room full of fellows as I have with you. Not to mention our other, less talkative moods."

"That's what a guy misses about being grown up," he said. "Nobody lets you sit around half the night talking big talk. No bull sessions."

They had their bull sessions all right, sometimes sitting up in bed waving their arms oratorically. They didn't get tired, as married people sometimes do, of what the other thought, because they were young enough so that they kept thinking new things. Not terribly brilliant things necessarily, but exciting, because they were true and shaped in the image and likeness of a beloved brain.

"Funny you've got so much sense," he sometimes said, "when you think of the bilge of eau de Cologne you have to splash around in on your job."

"Takes somebody with my sense," Tilda said. "We have to know what life is really like so we can find satisfying caricatures for our little radio listeners."

"All that truck about jealousy and anguish," he said disgustedly. "And then the smear at the end about their souls looking up. Enough to curdle anybody's viewpoint."

But it didn't curdle Tilda's. All day she worked among the scripts about kidnappers and plastic surgeons and misunderstood wives, and at night she came home and met Bill, and she thought to herself, It's good. It's really so terribly good that it would never make any kind of drama.

And then drama did overtake them. It began with a telegram from Tilda's father, saying her mother was dangerously ill and asking if she could come at once. Within two hours she was on the plane, and Bill's funny thin face was floating before her eyes, and she was realizing that this was the first night since they'd been married that she would have to go to sleep without his drawly buzz of voice in her ears and his hard sweet kiss on her mouth.

"I'll have to get used to it," she said sensibly to herself, "but I hope I never do. I hope I feel the same lost way when I'm sixty."

She had to stay much longer than they'd planned. It was nearly a month before she felt her mother was well enough to leave. The longest month of her life; longer than all the years before she'd had Bill.

Bill said on one of his early post cards, "I can't write letters. I never could." So he went without something or other and telephoned to her every Sunday night, but by every Thursday she was lost again in a wilderness of loneliness.

"How'd you get along?" she asked on the telephone.

"It's hell," he said. "The trouble with us, we've spent too much time together."

When she came home, economically by train now, Bill came part way to meet her. He really didn't look his best. And that pleased her very much.

"He looks as if he needs a wife," she said tremulously to herself, "the darling! He couldn't get along without me . . . any more than I could manage without him."

They talked in half sentences, as they always did . . . leaping from Bill's job to some little connubial joke, and then into their hapless bank account and back to love. Their conversation didn't sound like one of Tilda's radio dramas, but it did sound like two people in love . . . with each other and with their mutual life.

They sat in the day coach so they could hold hands, and their knees, too, cleaved together dazzlingly.

"I'm glad we live in New York, so we can go in our house and shut the door," Bill said. "In a village all the neighbors would come in tonight to hear about your lovely trip."

"The city's the place for selfish people like us," Tilda said. "This wonderful extravagant city . . . population eight million and two, and only the two mattering."

Bill scrambled eggs, since now he was an expert, and they sat at their own modern fireplace and ate them.

"Just think, two years ago I didn't know it could be like this," he said. "I was a self-contained, self-existent atom."

"You had a talent for marriage and you just didn't know it," she said lazily, with her head against his shoulder and her eyes half closed, watching their fire. "Any girl could have tamed you, once she got the bit between your teeth."

"No. Nobody but you, We fit. Every way. It's not the same."

"How do you know that? You never tried anybody else."

★ HE didn't say anything to that. He reached over and filled his pipe and didn't say anything.

"It's just a matter of sympathetic cells," Tilda said. "You're a scientist. You know all about that."

Still he didn't say anything.

"It doesn't just happen . . . even if it's only cells you're talking about," he said at last earnestly—"not what happens to us, Tilda."

"You sound pretty sure about it. You sound like a burnt child," she said, only for the luxury of laughing at him because he was so precious in faithfulness. "Maybe you did try it. Did you?"

He sat very still, and then he turned around and grinned at her and took up a handful of her soft hair and blew on it, and she could see that, for the first time in all their life together, Bill was trying to change the subject.

"Did you?" she said again, and it was only that she wanted to keep their



"John, these men have come all the way from Westwood on a false alarm. Couldn't we start a little fire?"

record clean . . . their record for never needing tactfully to change subjects with each other.

"Is this a bull session . . . or am I making love to my wife?"

"It's us," she said, and suddenly her lips felt weak and strange, as if they were made of starched flannel. "It's us, married to each other but married first to the truth."

He looked at her a moment; he kept his eyes on her face, the way a doctor does when he is putting a needle into an arm. She held her eyes unflinchingly open; she kept the stiff flannel smile on her lips. But suddenly the whole room was strange and out of focus. Suddenly everything was out of focus.

"O. K.," Bill said, and his voice was too loud because he was trying to make it sound offhand and natural. "O. K. I tried it. So now I know."

"Oh," she said, and for the life of her she couldn't think of anything else to say. She wanted to say something fair and right, something that would honor Bill's honesty. Something that would keep the thing casual and un-uh. A scientific observation; that's what it was. No more. Bill was a scientist and he didn't guess at things. He found out.

"I'm glad you asked me," he said in a too-bright voice. "There's not a woman in the world . . . besides you . . . who could be the way you are, so . . ." But suddenly he couldn't go on. He got up and pretended very busily to be poking at the fire. Then he turned and, like a child, he flung himself down and clasped her knees, then looked up into her face.

"Tilda, I never knew I loved you so much," he said. "I missed you so terribly. Nothing helped."

He was trembling. His hands were fierceness stilled to a trembling gentleness, as he held her face and looked deeply into her eyes.

"That's all that matters, darling,"

she said. "All that other stuff doesn't matter." It seemed true as she said it.

Afterward she kept repeating it over and over to herself: "It doesn't matter." Under their wild sweet kisses and the stilled white peace that came later, her mind kept hammering out its defiance: "It doesn't matter . . . really it doesn't."

But all the time she was close in his arms there was a spear of ice through the core of her, and she knew that saying it didn't matter was a lie to herself. It was a lie she could make her mind believe, but her hands and her mouth and all the vocabulary by which her body spoke its love denied it with a fierce and primitive expulsion.

Long after he was asleep she lay there, staring into the darkness, feeling the most hostile estrangement from him.

She kept telling herself that this was Bill, whom she loved and adored, but her body was angry and ashamed and would not listen to her mind.

"I'll have to get over this somehow, before I love him again," she said to herself. "I'll get over it tomorrow."

★ IN the morning she found the bleak contradiction still stabbed in her heart like an icicle. It was Sunday, and there was the whole wonderful day to be got through somehow.

Bill woke up exuberant. They'd go out and fish in a trout stream in New Jersey that somebody had told him about.

"You'd think I could have fished by myself while you were away, wouldn't you?" he grinned. "Well, I couldn't even do that satisfactorily. I'm just a mama's boy."

"And proud of it, I see," she said, trying to sound indulgent. Being out in the woods did seem better, after all, than staying cooped up in the confidential intimacy of their own apartment. You can't get into dangerous confessions when you're standing forty yards apart, thigh-deep in water.

But that is exactly what she did do. She had thought and thought about it through the trip out, through luncheon, all the time Bill was telling her about the osmotic reaction of his new casein fibers. She hadn't thought loftily about it, as a moral problem, but only as something that ached and spread like a bruise in her mind from subject to subject, until thought itself was only a greenish purple blur of emotion.

Talking was the only decent remedy. And yet . . .

His back was turned toward her—his big solid back in its leather jerkin—and the sun was shining down on his strong blond hair. He hadn't a care in the world. She felt herself unreasonably angry with him, indignant and resentful of his very carefreeness.

"I've been thinking about what you told me last night," she called out bravely.

"You mean about Crandon getting the promotion?"

"No. I mean . . ." The water

rushed between them and a silly little bird sang questioningly on a branch.

He turned around then and looked at her. For a second he was honestly bewildered, then his face flushed.

"Oh, that," he said. "Nothing to think about, honey."

She tried to say something adequate, but nothing came. She felt like flinging herself face down on the ruffled lap of the water.

"Good heavens, you don't mean you'd like any gory details about it?"

"Of course not. Only . . ."

He shaded his eyes with his hand so he could see her face better. "You don't mean . . . you're hankering after some kind of punishment for me? You wouldn't want . . ."

"Of course not," she said quickly. "I'd be a fine kind of sport if I insisted on the truth and then tried to penalize you for telling the truth."

"I was thinking about it myself this morning," Bill said. "I guess the fact is it ought to be the one exception to the rule. Maybe it's the one thing you oughtn't to tell the truth about. Probably that's why men have a kind of unwritten agreement."

"Poppycock!" she said stanchly. "I'm just interested in it."

"Well, take my word for it," he said, "it wasn't interesting at all. I was a cluck to try it, and a worse cluck to tell you."

"O. K.," she said. "We'll leave it at that."

And she certainly tried to. All day her brain walked around the subject and looked at it from every side. Sometimes she had to hold her poor little shivering brain by the scruff of its neck and make it look straight at it. But it finally did accept it. All but one point. Why? it kept asking. Why on earth *why*?

By night she was utterly undone. She couldn't bear the thought of any of it, even of Bill himself. There was a kind of physical pride which had been wounded so deeply that her logic could not reach the spot to heal it.

★ WHEN they closed their door behind them and Bill turned to catch her in his arms and kiss her, as he always did when they came home, she found that she had turned her face against his chest involuntarily.

"What's this?" he said, dropping his arms.

"Sorry, dear. I've got a . . . a sore throat. I thought all day it would probably get better."

"If you stood in a cold trout stream with me! Oh, Tilda!" Then he did hold her close and kissed the top of her hair. He picked her up and carried her into their bedroom. "I thought you looked a little bright-eyed and pink-cheeked this afternoon. I even thought . . ."

"It's nothing," she said. "I'll just get into my bed, and tomorrow it'll be really better."

"Sure," he said, "sure." He sat helplessly beside her bed, and she tried to make conversation, and finally she said, "Would you mind very much if I went to sleep?"

Still he sat there in the dark, unreasonably comforted just by being near her. She watched him through her slitted eyelids; she tried to whip up some desire . . . or even some pity for him. Her mind responded but her blood lay chilled beneath her flesh.

If he touches me, she thought angrily — if he suspects, and tries to get around me . . .

In the morning, the moment Bill was gone, she got up and took a shower, gibbering and weeping in it, with anger at herself because she was such a fool to take it this way.

"Like Miriam Truicleeve in The Beautiful Battle, two thirty on the Atlantic Network," she said disgustedly to herself.

She knew that before Bill came home she had to do something. This was the turning point of her marriage, this mental spot. Here was the fork in the road. From here on marriage could easily trickle into two lovely staggering little footpaths leading nowhere except into subterfuge and suspicion. Here their life together might even end. But if it were to be kept the clear highway it was, she herself would have to hold it in shape today.

Bill would know tonight. No matter how sick she pretended to be. Bill would know. For there are ways of even not-touching that are ardent.

Love, as she and Bill used to know it, is not arithmetic but algebra . . . it operates in the minus signs as well as in the plus.

Either they would both jog into some tacit agreement of hypocrisy on both sides, as so many married people have before them . . . or else she must be over the hurt enough to go on in a natural, sensible way. He must not detect any injury in her which would make him cautious about honesty from now on.

Perhaps it would be better if she went away again for a few days and got herself into a more robust condition. She remembered the nights she had lain lonely and thought about Bill, and tears came into her eyes. But they were not tears of desire but of sadness. For the Bill she desired was not this new tainted Bill but last month's lover, who seemed to be gone.

In the afternoon she suddenly decided that she would go and have a permanent wave. Sometimes sitting in the chair while skillful fingers worked, and you felt relaxed and luxurious, made you think very clearly.

Tilda always had her work done at a shop run by two pretty Swedish girls. Their voices flowed up and down pleasantly, and Tilda laughed and said agreeable things to them, but underneath the grinding was going on, over and over.



"I now pronounce you 3A."

She was too proud to be curious about the girl, or where it had happened, or any of that. Bill was all that mattered. Bill's reasoning, before and afterward . . . like the noble tradition of Greek drama, which subordinates the act to the emotion before and the emotion after; that was the way she thought about it.

But even thinking about Bill's psychology . . . there was no practical profit in that. What she must think about now was how to lift herself over the thing, to go on with their marriage. For there was no doubt in her mind that she wanted to go on with that. Or did she? Well, certainly not unless she could get back to where they had always been before this terrible ugly thing had come up.

★ MISS HELGLUND was nearly finished now with the winding. It was a slack Monday afternoon and her sister was sitting at a little table behind them, in a windowed recess looking out across the sky line of the city. She was smoking a cigarette, and sometimes she read them captions out of a magazine she was looking through.

Miss Helglund brought the great barbarous-looking machine now and slipped its nozzles on the wound prongs of Tilda's hair.

"How long does it take? Eight minutes?"

"No. I'll give it only seven—for your hair."

The clock began ticking on the machine, and Miss Helglund sat down on a little stool with vigilant attention to the machine.

"I'll go out and get us some nice lemonade," Miss Helglund's sister said. "I think we could all do with some brightening up."

"Good," Tilda said. "No sugar in mine, please."

After a few minutes the public telephone began ringing down the hall. Miss Helglund started to get up, then she remembered that a good operator is supposed to stand beside the machine all the time the electricity is turned on.

"That's strange," she said. "The public telephone hardly ever rings. Unless it is some emergency."

"Maybe somebody else will answer it," Tilda said.

"There's nobody else on this floor. But it doesn't matter."

It kept ringing and ringing frantically. Suppose it should be Bill. Mrs. King, their clean-up woman, knew Tilda was having her hair done. She knew where the building was but not the name of the hairdresser. . . . Suppose Bill wanted to reach her. . . . he'd probably get the public phone number from information, and ask whoever answered to have her paged.

"Maybe you'd better answer it," she said. "I'm perfectly all right here."

"Well . . ." Miss Helglund, too, was thinking it might be her own Bill, using the public telephone for some reason. "I'll only be gone a minute." Tilda listened. It was Miss Hel-

glund's Bill. He was evidently saying her phone was out of order, and he was worried.

Tilda went back to her thinking fretfully. Her head was held rigidly in the elaborate mechanism. It gave her a strange feeling to be able to see only a fixed narrow circle as she rolled her eyes and could not move her head.

Then suddenly her eyes picked up something terrifying. Almost beyond their range was the window looking out at the high sky line. Beyond the window she could see flames enveloping that sky line. They leaped from building to building . . . they must be spanning whole blocks. Flames were licking across roofs and up the fronts of the tall towers. The fine print of windows, four or five floors of them on a distant shaft, was covered by the sheets of flame.

She started to scream, and then she realized that of course there was no need. The fire was a mile away, across the city. Thousands of people in better position than she would be seeing it. Probably the streets even now were being raked open by fire apparatus. It must be some kind of frightful explosion.

It lasted only a moment, then Miss Helglund was back in the room. Tilda called out to her excitedly.

"There's a terrible fire some place! Look! The whole sky line."

Miss Helglund, with a cry, flew past her, and then the entire thing . . . the room and the window and the sky line itself . . . incredibly altered. The blaze went out instantly, and the hairdresser was looking at her own hand where she had snuffed out the fire.

"That bad child," she said. "She's always starting fires in ash trays! I saw put a bunch of string in the ash tray and then left her cigarette lying there. . . . I hope it didn't frighten you, Mrs. Barton. I'm so sorry."

"No. . . . I thought it was the whole city burning up," Tilda said shakily. "It was so close to me, I thought it was a big fire."

Miss Helglund was clucking apologetically. Her sister came back and they clucked together, while they took off the machine and unwound the hair.

★ "THE eye plays funny tricks," Miss Helglund said. "Once I fell asleep in my father's garden. When I woke up a monster was blotting out the sky. It scared me to death, until I saw it was only a spider on a vine close to my eye." They went on talking. But Tilda was quiet.

For she knew now how to get this thing with Bill under control. It was a matter of proportion. It was so close to her eye that it blotted out the sky. . . .

Then what could she do? She could look at it from a distance so her marriage would fall back into its right dimensions, as the sky line and the ash tray had reassured their own sizes.

She would think about it all as if last night were two years distant from tonight . . . as if Bill and she had lived two years of understanding and

love and madness and joy between her knowing and the present. And really, in everything except the arbitrary misarrangement of time, that was the fact. For Bill and she had a sky line of proved living together which no circumstantial ash tray on fire ever could destroy.

She felt so much better, so wise and tall in understanding, that she thought she couldn't possibly wait until Bill came home to show him that everything was all right, and that her love was going to go on being its own size, unaffected by anything else.

This animated metaphor was much more conclusive in emotion than it could possibly be in the words that expressed it. She felt satisfied by the allegory through which she had lived in that few minutes, as no amount of cold reasoning ever could have satisfied her.

There would be no need to mention it to Bill. There would be no need to ask about it, nor pretend anything.

She walked home swinging her hat and humming; It really didn't matter now. . . . It mattered so little that she didn't even have to reassure herself by saying, "It doesn't matter."

Bill had said, "There's not a woman on earth . . . besides you . . . who could be the way you are. . . ." That hadn't been true when he said it, but now it was true. He would see . . . and she herself would see.

★ SHE unlocked their door, and there, still with his topcoat on, was Bill looking at the mail on the foyer table. Bill . . . not last night's Bill but her own.

"How's the throat?" he said.

"What throat?"

She flew into his arms. She kissed him as if they had been apart for a month.

"Oh, darling, I've got to ask you something," she said. "You know that girl . . . the one you didn't tell me about . . . do I know her? Is she one of my friends? . . . How long after I left here did you . . ."

All the ignoble questions she had been too proud even to ask herself came tumbling out. Now that she was back to trusting Bill even more than she trusted her own mind, now that Bill was closer to her than she was to herself, her subconscious dumped upon him all it had been concealing from her.

"What are you talking about?" Bill said. "What girl?"

"You know . . . what you told me . . . about trying somebody else . . . and finding it wouldn't do."

He blushed then, like a very old-fashioned husband.

"Good heavens, Tilda," he said, "what kind of things do women think about men? That was two years ago . . . before I married you—when I was trying to kid myself into thinking it was just some kind of . . . of biology. . . ."

"Oh," she said. Then she blushed too, and now the blaze really was in an ash tray.

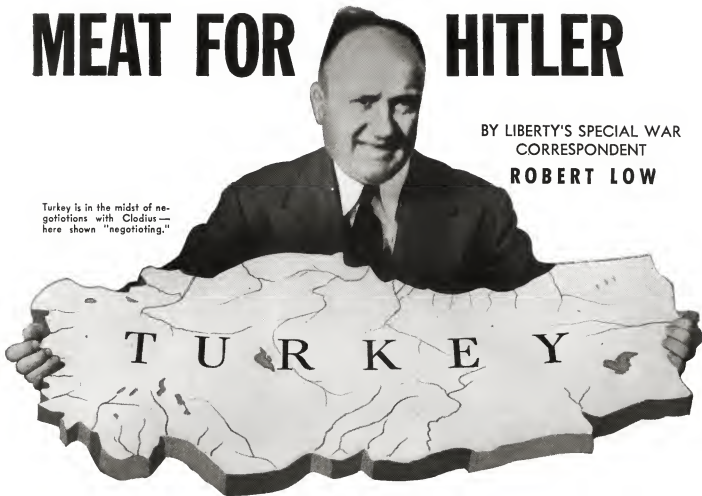
THE END

MEAT FOR HITLER

BY LIBERTY'S SPECIAL WAR
CORRESPONDENT

ROBERT LOW

Turkey is in the midst of negotiations with Clodius—here shown "negotiating."



**"The sick man of Europe" is in the spotlight
of trouble again . . . What will be his fate?**

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ SOME years ago an American correspondent in Istanbul wrote a dispatch in which he predicted that the death of Kemal Atatürk would leave the country without leadership and might well prove disastrous for Turkey.

Atatürk was greatly annoyed, and at a state reception shortly thereafter he told the assembled diplomats, "If I die, there are a thousand Turks who can take my place."

"Excellency," replied the British Ambassador, Sir George Clerk, "you exaggerate mille fois [a thousand-fold]."

It was a neatly turned compliment. But, far more than that, it was sound political judgment. Today the Turks are finding out how true it was. For at the time of the international crisis that resulted in the Munich Agreement, Kemal Atatürk died. And that was the beginning of Turkey's troubles.

Today she finds herself the center of a maelstrom which threatens her independence and may well destroy the modern nation which Atatürk so brilliantly created.

In southeastern Europe and the Near East, spring is bringing many more things than the flowers that

bloom, tra-la. For in Turkey the Germans see a vulnerable opening for a renewed thrust at the Russians' southern flank. Baku and Batum and the oil fields of the Caucasus are much closer by that route than by the way the Germans tried last year. So throughout the winter the Axis forces in Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, and the captive Greek islands off the Dardanelles have been readying pontoon-type invasion barges, concrete barges, big towing rafts, motor sailboats, and even tiny rubber dinghies.

The German divisions driven back out of parts of Russia by the Red army are re-forming in southeastern Europe. In addition, 400,000 Bulgarian troops have mobilized on Turkey's western frontier, ready to move, when the Germans give the order, against their old enemies, the Turks. German planes have been based for months now on new airdromes in Greece and Bulgaria.

And above all, Germany's "Chief Economic Negotiator," Dr. Clodius, has paid a series of visits to Turkey. He is known throughout Central Europe as the "Kiss of Death." Wherever he goes to negotiate, disaster in the shape of a German army of occupation seems to follow almost immediately. Any day the climax of these negotiations may be reached. And the

question is, will the Turks fight or not?

There is one factor which may upset the most careful calculations. That is the enormous pride of this tough and stubborn people. If invaded or directly challenged, they will fight. But as a defeated nation in the last war, Turkey got off much lighter than the other Central Powers. The great Atatürk contrived not only to save her territorial integrity but to build up a new and better nation on the grave of the old Ottoman Empire. The next time Turkey might not be so lucky. This fact has made her stop to think on many occasions.

Since the outbreak of war the Turkish government has pursued a policy of sitting on the fence. In the opening phase of the war, when Hitler was proceeding to gobble up most of the neutral states in the west one by one, Turkey took cover in the ostrich defense: just bury your head in the sand and maybe it won't happen to you. The Turkish government knew that any move eastward would put Turkey in a precarious position—but still it took no steps to consolidate the Balkan countries.

Today the Germans are in occupation of Greece and Bulgaria and sitting right on Turkey's doorstep. Gone are certain valuable geographical defenses. No longer is the famous Shipka Pass in the Balkan Mountains the only key to Turkey. No longer does the Turkish strong point of Adrianople have to be forced before

the invader's armies can penetrate into the European part of Turkey. Today from the former Turco-Greek frontier the Germans or Bulgars can attack across the flat Thracian Plains with few natural obstacles to halt their mechanized advance.

Events have moved quickly for Turkey. To the north she watched with an uneasy eye the greatest battle in history being fought much too close for comfort. On the eve of that battle, when her British ally was fighting to occupy Syria, she signed a ten-year pact of friendship and nonaggression with Germany. Having signed, she sat back and waited for developments. The German mechanized divisions would roll into Moscow, Herr von Papen had told the Turks. The German Ambassador had been very firm in his assurances that the campaign would not last longer than a month; that a military and political collapse of Russia was inevitable after the Russians had had a taste of blitzkrieg. Germans and Russians fighting was sweet music to Turkish ears. The Turks have hated, fought, and feared the Russians for centuries. But von Papen's lullaby has gone a little sour now—so much so that the Turks now fear the Germans will demand, or take by force, passage through their country to open up new fronts against both the Russians and the British. There is also the daily more pressing question of permitting belligerent Axis warships to pass through the straits into the Black Sea.

A foreign diplomat in Ankara summed up the Turks very well when he said: "The Turks dislike all foreigners. They dislike the British least and the Russians most. And their dislike of the Germans varies with the current military situation. In the long run, they would like to see the United Nations win. But they just can't make up their minds how long that run is to be—and where it's going to lead."

★ THERE are many military observers in the Near East who aver that the answer to Turkey's fateful decision lies in the Russian defense of the Caucasus. If the Russians continue counterattacking, the Turks may be pressured by the Allies into taking a much more active role against the Axis. But if the Germans can reorganize their drive toward the Caucasus and the Middle East with the other arm of their pincers pressing in the western desert, then the Turks may equally well jump aboard the south-bound band wagon.

However, two things can take that decision out of Turkey's hands. The first is the presence in Turkey of Dr. Karl Clodius, unquestionably Hitler's most successful economic negotiator. Since 1936 he has become a familiar figure in the Foreign Offices of Central Europe. In his early fifties, he is red-faced, noisy, hearty, a great back-slapper, and completely unscrupulous. His specialty is arranging an economic pact, or pacts, for the fulfillment of the terms of which it becomes necessary for German business experts,

morally supported by troops, to take over economic control of a country. His greatest successes so far have been in Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. The entry of German troops into Rumania and the flight of King Carol can be traced back directly to the economic pact he negotiated in Bucharest in December, 1939.

His technique is always the same. The conclusion of a quite moderate



Hitler's son Dr. Clodius, the Nazi "Kiss of Death," upon one of his arrivals in Turkey.

agreement is immediately followed by greatly increased demands, including a reduction in the rate of exchange in favor of the reichsmark. Acceptance would mean national bankruptcy, or at least the complete surrender of all economic independence. When resistance to the new demands manifests itself, there is immediate and extreme German diplomatic pressure with, if necessary, threatening troop movements on the frontier. When the victim succumbs and signs the new agreement, it speedily becomes obvious that it is an impossibility for its terms to be fulfilled. These are usually not only beyond the country's productive capacity but completely beyond the capacities of its transport system.

The nonarrival of the goods in Germany for one or another of these reasons is, of course, "sabotage," and the country in question is sternly invited to give "guaranties of good faith" by allowing the industries concerned to be "advised" so as to be able to achieve the necessary increase in production. Refusal would mean immediate war. Germans thus move in and take over key positions, and this is followed by the arrival of an ever increasing stream of "tourists, experts, and business men" until an effective fifth column has been established. This usually marks the beginning of the end of all capacity for independent action on the part of the government of the country in question.

Today Turkey is in the midst of negotiations with Dr. Clodius for a new trade treaty. And that Bulgarian army near the Turkish frontier, German forces in Greece and farther north, make an effective background for the Clodius negotiations.

For the defense of their country "and/or" the assistance of any new ally, the Turks have a 1914-18 model army of 900,000 men, according to well informed military observers. Their front-line air strength is reported to be 350 operational aircraft. This force consists of a mixed bag of many different types of foreign make. The problem of replacements is reported to be acute. Turkey's total armored land force is said to consist of less than 150 vehicles. Her light field and coastal artillery is badly in need of replacement, some guns dating back as far as 1875. Most of the warships of the Turkish navy are of the last World War vintage, some even older.

Many Turks admit that this lack of modern equipment would have been remedied had Atatürk been alive during the last vital years before the war. The policy of the present government has been to discourage the purchase of arms abroad and create a Turkish armament industry. But it is difficult for a nation of only 16,000,000 people to support huge plants and industries. As a result, the new factories are said by neutral observers not to have reached anything like the necessary peak of production. And today it is too late to start shopping in the overworked factories of the belligerents.

★ ON the credit side there is the Turkish soldier himself. British and Dominion troops who fought against him in the last war have the highest regard for his courage and tenacity. He will fight as bravely as any man can, but how effectively he can fight is another matter. I have the greatest admiration for these rugged dour little soldiers I saw everywhere—but I never saw one I thought could wrestle a thirty-ton tank.

The Turkish officer is well trained, particularly in mountain and guerrilla warfare, which suits the rugged terrain of Asiatic Turkey and Anatolia.

An advantage is the remoteness of the nation's capital. Atatürk moved the center of government from Istanbul to Ankara, a few hundred miles inland on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. In doing so, he moved the capital from an extremely vulnerable military position to an almost natural fortress. And for military reasons there are practically no roads leading to Ankara from any coast. Should the Germans attempt to invade Asiatic Turkey, they would find their mechanized advance badly hampered.

The strongest real power in Turkey today is the Chief of Staff of the Turkish General Staff, Marshal Fevzi Chakmak, who shuns publicity and makes his influence felt behind the scenes. In importance he ranks at least equal to President Inönü. As a great hero of the 1922 war of independence he was the first man to be offered the office of President upon the death of Atatürk. He refused, explaining that he preferred to remain a soldier. He was right. Turkey needs soldiers today.

THE END

THE WORST TRADE

OF THEM ALL

Do you aspire to write?
Read this . . . and ponder!

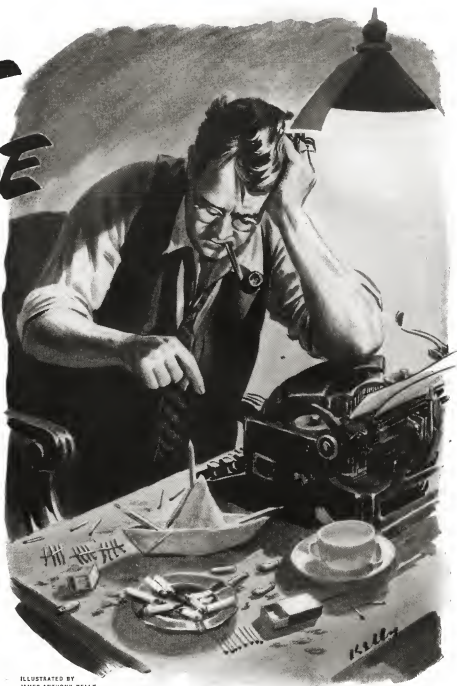
BY H. L. MENCKEN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ IT is, of course, the trade of the author. To judge by the immense numbers of persons who try to horn into it, it seems to be generally viewed as easy, and certainly there is a widespread impression that it is lucrative and full of honor. But in reality it is one of the most vexatious and laborious crafts ever undertaken by presumably sane men, and its rewards, however vast, are seldom commensurate with its pains. I have been at it myself for more than forty years, and I can only report that it has left me, at sixty, a mere museum of pathology, and that I'd make off for Beulah Land at once if it were not for my patriotic reluctance to leave my country in the lurch.

A man writing must sit in a room alone, tortured by every sensation that flits through his carcass, and with his mind a prey to all the fears and hallucinations that have haunted humanity since the Ice Age. Every other man who uses his head professionally has other people in front of him to divert and console him—the doctor, the pedagogue, the clergyman, the business man, the lawyer (save when he is writing a brief, which he usually farms out to a law student). But the poor author, like the deep-sea diver, must fight it out alone. Into his room he goes with the heavy step of a felon approaching the electric chair, and there he sits in solitary wretchedness until his day's stint is finished, and he emerges in misery to meditate upon its badness, and to pray that in his next incarnation he will be a band leader, a baseball umpire, or a traffic cop.

Is there a suggestion from the gal-



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES ANTHONY KELLY

Author's "can't work" without this or that fetish to help them.

lery that he resort to dictation? Then it comes from some one whose ignorance of the literary process is only too manifest. In the whole history of the world, at all events since Old Testament days, no really good book has ever been dictated—and by good I do not mean masterly, perfect, immortal, but simply good enough, tolerable, up to the average of the author who did it.

The truth is that being alone is of the very essence of competent writing. Let some one else be in the room, and you will get, at best, journalism. It will be a mirror, not of the author himself, which all sound literature is, but of his mere environment.

The case of John Milton had better be disposed of at once, for every schoolboy knows that he dictated Paradise Lost, partly to hired secre-

taries and partly to his suffering and rebellious daughters. But every schoolboy also knows that Milton, by that time, was stone-blind—and there is the easy answer to the paradox. He could hear his poor daughters mouthing bad Latin and worse Greek, but he could not see them, and so he could not be distracted by their shining morning faces, their possibly intolerable clothes and coiffures, their glares and glowers when he went too fast or too slow. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that what he dictated was not the *Areopagitica* but *Paradise Lost*, which is to say, the dullest poem ever written.

I do not argue that an author needs solitude in order to think, for he can think in company as well as any other man, and as a matter of fact all of his really productive thinking is so done. More than

others, indeed, he must keep contact with his fellows; for his writing must be about them when it is not about himself, and even an author tires of himself soon or late, as his customers do even sooner than soon.

But thinking and writing are not the same thing—not by any means. Thinking is simply a free and easy ramble through the woods of ideas, but writing is chopping down and piling up the trees. Any one can think; but to reduce thought to orderly chains of nouns, verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, prepositions, and all the rest, and to fill the ensuing sentences and paragraphs with sweet music and an air of ingratiating reasonableness, and to induce some publisher to print them and circulate them, and a sufficiency of readers to buy them and read them—to do all this is something else again. As I have intimated, it demands the stark, insulated solitude of a monk in his cell.

Such solitude, of course, is hard to bear. Thus the author in his agony seizes upon every chance to break it. If a parade comes down the street, he hangs out of the window; if the neighbors start a quarrel, he listens like a Broadway journalist; if there is a fire or a bomb explosion, he is on his way to it before the police.

★ FAILING such excuses to knock off his almost impossible work, he invents all sorts of banal entertainments to escape it, if only for a few moments. If there is a book in his room, he dips into it; if there is only a circular from a bond house explaining that the bondholders' committee hopes to recover 8 per cent, he reads that, and with pathetic attention; if there is no reading matter at all, he counts matches, or sharpens lead pencils, or reties his necktie, or refills his pipe, or carves his initials on his desk.

But even these devices are not enough, for he must have something to do, not only in the intervals of his writing, but also while he is actually at it. Henrik Ibsen, as his chambermaid has told us, used to chew tobacco; and many other authors chew gum. All the other rest, male and female, smoke. A few exceptions occur to me—for example, Tolstoy and Nietzsche. But such anomalies always end *marshuggah*.

Any other man, once he learns his trade, is able to carry it on with reasonable competence day in and day out, without any considerable variations. There may be days, to be sure, when a surgeon, say, feels low in mind and gets relatively little private stimulation out of excavating an appendix; but nevertheless he is able to do it well enough to satisfy his patient, or the patient's heirs and assigns. In the same way, a lawyer in good health can perform in court almost as facetiously on one day as on another, and a banker can take in and pay out, and a business executive can harass and upset his subordinates. Even an actor, so long

as he remains on his legs, can get through his part. But an author is the victim of moods that come and go with no apparent reason, and while the bad ones are on him he is as useless and helpless as a juggler without hands.

★ THE origin of these moods, I suppose, lies in the endocrine system—the current refuge of all the psychic horrors that yesterday inhabited the Freudian unconscious. When it is in prime working order the author performs his labors with a kind of ease that seems to him to be almost magical. Even his solitude ceases to afflict him, for in the heat of composition he quite forgets it. Rough spots in his manuscript that have afflicted him for days and even weeks are ironed out with a few strokes, and he achieves phrases that make him drunk with paternal pride. There is, I believe, no happier creature on earth than an author who is thus hitting on all eight cylinders. He renews his faith in the metaphysical banshee called inspiration. He begins to believe that he has been chosen by the gods to inform and inflame humanity.

So far his error is of no great magnitude, judging by its consequences. It may make him vain, but vanity is not painful. But when he proceeds, as he always does, to the false inference that this imaginary inspiration was set loose not by some fortuitous concatenation of insensate hormones but by his own free motion or by some combination of external circumstances under his control—when he goes so far, and then assumes that he can renew the set-up at will, he lets himself in for much grief. For what he hits upon as the agent—a new kind of lead pencil, a whiff of band music down the street, a kind word from his wife, less coffee at breakfast, or what not—is never really responsible. The miracle actually sprang out of his most secret recesses, and pencils, wives, bands, and coffee had nothing whatever to do with it. But he remembers only what was visibly before him, and so he spends many a bitter day trying to reconstruct it.

I have a large acquaintance among authors, and have made discreet inquiries about their ideas in this direction. They show a vast and profound imbecility. There is, for example, the poet who once concocted some saucy dithyrambs, since much praised, on a day when it happened to be hailing, and has since searched the world for a place where it hails every day. There is the novelist who thinks he can't write unless he has a green ribbon in his typewriter and his dog nestling at his feet. There is the art critic who gets his inspiration from a ten-cent print of Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair hung upside down. There is the writer on music who, when he is stuck for hard words, puts The Star-Spangled Banner on his phonograph and plays it fortissimo. I myself, in my character

of author, have such fetishes, like my betters, though my scientific conscience prompts me to pooh-pooh them. I simply can't work by daylight; unless the curtains are drawn and an electric light is burning, I am sunk. Nor can I work with a coat on, or within sound of a radio, or with rheumatism entertaining me, or after eating forty or fifty oysters, or on the day a war is declared. But here, perhaps, I slide into the domain of authentic cause and effect.

Mostly, of course, an author can't work at all. No man on earth has fewer good days or puts in less time at productive labor. It seems to be a sheer physical impossibility for any one to write for more than three hours at a time. I know authors who say they work longer, but their belief that they do, though it may be honest enough, is only self-deception. They actually work three hours and no more—if, indeed, they work that long; the rest of the time they simply endure patiently the horrors that I have been describing. An hour for sharpening lead pencils and tearing up old letters; an hour for reading a last month's magazine; an hour for gazing at the menacing ceiling, the oppressive walls, the hard, implacable floor—and so the day goes. At the end of it, if it has been lucky, there is three hours' work to show. If not, there is a sheet or two of spoiled paper, ghastly and accusing.

Why, then, do men and women take to literary endeavor? The answer must be another question: Why does a hen lay eggs? The impulse to say something to make people sit up and take notice is universal in humankind. The ego craves attention almost as violently as it craves life. Well, who can think of an easier, safer, and more effective way to give it what it wants than by writing? Alone in his gloomy cage, the writer addresses, at least potentially, the whole human race, not only of the living generation but also of all generations to come. He may be poor and drunken like Poe, or a brawler and nuisance like Marlowe, or an obscure nonentity like Emily Dickinson, but he knows that, if the fates are with him, he may yet attain a kind of fame that not even the most competent lawyer or doctor or banker or business man may hope to match. No wonder so many are at it! One success, however slight, and they are incurable.

"The life of a man of letters," said Gustave Flaubert, "is a dog's life, but the only one worth living." His judgment was probably sound on both counts. Rewards of the author at their best are stupendous—and every one knows they are. His troubles are only too easily forgotten.

I have tried in these paragraphs to set forth a few of them. If I printed the whole list, the readers of this magazine would drown the nation with their tears, and many would curse the day they learned to read and write.

THE END

MAGIC WORD

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ "MISS REDMOND."

"Yes, Miss Gibbons."

The little nurse turned and faced the floor supervisor.

Radiating a large meaty calm, Miss Gibbons delivered her ultimatum: "This morning, I understood, you told 617 she was looking so much better. You're not here, Miss Redmond, to practice psychology on the patients. You know, don't you, that the woman is dying?"

"Yes, Miss Gibbons."

"A nurse has nothing whatever to do with a case except to follow instructions and make the patient physically comfortable. And there's no magic word that will heal the sick. Remember that."

The patient in 617 was very tired. "I wanted to ask you something, nurse." Each word was a separate travail. "My husband—is he here?"

"But the doctor doesn't wish you to see him today."

"It's not just seeing him. He'll have—news."

"As soon as he comes"—the little nurse remembered and checked what she was about to say—"as soon as he comes I'll speak with him."

The eyes closed slowly, then opened again. "Do you know what it means to take care of a big family?"

The little nurse nodded. "I do indeed, Mrs. Carrol. When father died, mother was very ill. I was the oldest of five and did everything till mother got on her feet again."

"Then you know how much work there is." The sensitive face crisped as though with physical pain. "Early and late, always—always. And it's never done. And I'm so tired."

"But the children," the little nurse protested, "they'll help you. Your husband too. And once you're well again," she hoped she hadn't boggled over the last two words, "everything will be completely different."

"So much work," the voice went on monotonously, "and 'never finished.' The eyes opened wider. "Today we—that is, our lawyers—are sure the case will be decided in our favor. It's the settling of a big estate with twenty thousand for us. Why, just the interest would be enough to pay for somebody to do the work." To keep the children and the home."



BY HORATIO WINSLOW



The little nurse could not resist a comment completely against the spirit of Miss Gibbons' ultimatum: "I'm sure it will be decided your way."

The sick voice labored: "Do you remember what it says somewhere about leaning back on the Everlasting Arms? All I want, nurse, is to know my family can lean back on the everlasting arms of twenty thousand dollars. Just that. And then I want to rest. Rest always."

The little nurse frowned, decided to say something, changed her mind.

She was still frowning when, in the floor reception room, she met 617's husband. There was a pleading in his eyes.

"They say I can't see her, nurse. Why can't I see her? I've got the best kind of good news: we've won a court decision that carries a lot of money. It means everything to her. She won't have to work so hard any more or worry. . . . If I can't see her, will you tell her? Just to get the good news would start her feeling better. I know it would."

"I know how you feel, Mr. Carrol. You wait here till the doctor comes and perhaps he'll let you see her. And you leave the news to me."

She did not go directly to 617. Frowningly, her mouth in a straight line, she went the length of the corridor to the window at the end. For a moment her hands tightened into fists as she stared unseeingly at the landscape without. Then a deep breath, and fingers and mouth relaxed and the lips resumed their natural curve. She had made her decision. She opened the door of 617.

The crisis in 617's condition came almost immediately. There was a flurry of temperature. The doctor was called.

When, two hours later, he left the room, he seemed puzzled but happy. He was so pleased that he answered the little nurse's question in detail.

"Live? Of course she'll live! It's one of those incredible things we meet every so often. Some reaction helped her turn the corner. With that extraordinary change for the better, as soon as she wakes up I'll let her husband see her."

Little Miss Redmond trotted to the reception room. She knew she shouldn't let her legs give way and flop her into a chair, but she did her best to accomplish the descent gracefully.

The husband made a valiant try to speak without too much swallowing and gulping. "I—I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, nurse. Of course I was sure the news would do it."

The little nurse pulled herself together. "Look, Mr. Carrol. I want you to promise me something. Your wife's recovery may depend on it."

"I'll promise. Absolutely."

"When you get that money you're going to use it to make things easier for your wife. That's true, isn't it?"

"She can spend every last cent."

"Then promise me you won't even mention to her the money or the lawsuit. Just keep telling her you all need her and you'll all help her and that everything will come right. Tell her you've had orders not to say a word about the money. And don't say a word about it to any one else either; here or at home."

He frowned. "If I mustn't, I suppose I mustn't. But she knows? You told her?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Carrol, it's because of what I told her that she's going to get well. I'm sure, because something like this happened to my own mother. She was dying. The doctor said so. She was so ill and tired she didn't want to live. Then, when my father was killed in an accident, she saw she couldn't die, because now she hadn't any choice in the matter. So, Mr. Carrol, you wait till your wife's been home and out of bed for a whole week before you say a single thing about that money. You see, I told her you'd lost the suit and that, whether she wanted to or not, she'd just have to get well."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

ILLUSTRATED BY
IAN HANSFIELD

AND NONE SHALL BE FORGOTTEN

The Nazis frown on the handicapped . . . Here is
democracy's way—to help them help themselves

BY OSCAR
SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ TRY this one on a quiz expert: "Where is the school that has no schoolhouse and yet has 1,700 schoolrooms?"

It sounds like a riddle with a tricky answer, but it isn't. This particular school is in New York. Its 1,700 rooms are, for the most part, bedrooms. You find them in homes in every corner of the city, and in each of them sits just one pupil—an invalid. The child is too seriously disabled to travel to school; so the Board of Education brings school to him. His bedroom becomes his classroom. From the time he is six until he is a high-school graduate, he is visited regularly, three times a week, by teachers specially trained to give home instruction.

"It isn't only an education we bring our children," these teachers tell you. "It's courage. Our coming is proof that they haven't been forgotten by the world outside. We show them, by our presence, that despite their physical handicaps they're not being left out of the parade; they too are marching, keeping up with other children. To know that does remarkable things to their spirits."

You understand what the teachers mean when you accompany one of them into the room of a shut-in child.

Here is a boy of ten awaiting his lessons in a bed he hasn't left for five years. His legs are paralyzed. At the sight of the teacher his face brightens. He utters a cheerful "Good morning!" and props himself higher among the pillows. This is the high moment of his day. The outside world has come to sit at his bedside.

"All right, Bob?" the teacher will say. "Ready for the salute?"

The child turns to the American flag in the room. Its presence is a requisite



of the Board of Education. It may be a small ten-cent strip of bunting whose staff juts out of a milk bottle, or it may be a large flag hung from the wall. But there it is. The boy lifts his hand to his forehead and recites with the teacher, "I pledge allegiance to . . ." After that there will be a fluty-voiced rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Then, with a classroom atmosphere established, the lessons begin.

The boy in bed follows the same curriculum as the pupils in the nearby public school. In fact, his name is on the roster of that school. He is kept abreast of his age group, and at the end of each term, like the other children, he is formally promoted. When he is ready for graduation, the principal of the school comes to his bedside to give him his diploma.

★ IT began almost accidentally in 1913. Dr. Adela J. Smith, then Assistant Director of the Board of Education's Division of Physically Handicapped Children, found herself confronted by a sobbing boy. He had been a brilliant pupil in school. Now a crippling illness doomed him to years of isolation at home. "If I can't go on with my school work," he wept, "I'd rather be dead!"

Dr. Smith quieted the boy by promising that his studies would continue. She kept the promise. Every day, after school hours, the boy found his teacher at his bedside for a session of private instruction. He became cheerful. He all but forgot his handicap.

Other teachers, stirred by Dr. Smith's work, realized there must be many homebound neglected and miserable children in New York. Voluntarily they offered their services to Dr. Smith. Charitable organizations helped them locate the children. Without pay, wholly as a labor of love, this small group of instructors began to carry education to youngsters unable to come to school. The inspired movement grew. It spread swiftly over New York's five boroughs. A few philanthropic institutions helped by providing additional teachers. The first private donation of funds came from Herbert H. Lehman, now Governor of New York, and then others followed.

But for five full years the instruction of homebound children remained a voluntary job without pay.

Then came the city's worst epidemic of infantile paralysis. By the time it had subsided, hundreds of its crippled victims were doomed never to return to school. Was their education to be abandoned?

With so awful a problem confronting them, the small corps of volunteer teachers, led by Dr. Adela J. Smith, turned to the Board of Education for assistance. The Board's response was immediate and overwhelming. It adopted the entire plan for homebound instruction; it financed the movement, enlarged it, put its teachers on a special payroll. At the head of the new bureau it placed Dr. Smith.

Today, after twenty-four years, she is still its chief, in charge of a staff of

214 experts in home instruction, besides 467 teachers who visit hospitals, institutions, etc.

In her offices Dr. Smith points to wall maps of New York's five boroughs. On these maps every student under her supervision is represented by a colored pinhead—red for cardiac cases, yellow for crippled cases, green for bone diseases, etc.

"Seventeen hundred and twelve this year," she says. "Each gets three periods of instruction a week, and the average session lasts an hour and a half. We limit our teachers to eight pupils, in order to guarantee the necessary personal attention to each."

In these twenty-four years of its existence Dr. Smith's movement has spread far across America. Almost every large city now supports a Home Instruction Bureau. And there are some in villages so small that one wonders how they raise the funds. For in its initial outlay this is not a cheap form of education.

It costs New York City \$200 a year for every child it educates at home. Yet, in the long run, this turns into a tremendous saving for the city. For, instead of facing the prospect of supporting thousands of crippled public charges, it is creating a group of young people who, though confined to their homes, will be prepared by a high-school education to become self-sustaining.

This year there are approximately 500 homebound pupils affiliated with the city's high schools. Aside from studying general cultural subjects, they have access to all the vocational courses these fifty-four schools offer. Some will recover sufficient health to go to college. Others are learning trades which they can follow as shut-ins: typewriting, accountancy, commercial art, costume designing, millinery, arts and crafts, photography, short-story writing, and scores of others that can be managed indoors.

In line with this, one wonders how former graduates of the School Without a Schoolhouse have fared.

★ "MOST of them," Dr. Smith says, "are actively engaged in business, and some are doing extremely well. I know one young man who, though unable to leave his bed, began soliciting orders for a coal firm by telephone. He did so well that he has since employed nine other homebound people to help him with his telephone selling."

Another, a girl, studied diction and, despite the fact that she's still crippled, she is able to go to radio studios and work on dramatic programs. . . . A girl who concentrated on painting and design earns a good living from her bedside drawing table by doing sketches for department-store ads."

One of her pupils, a young man who learned to play the violin while in a wheel chair, has organized an orchestra. Every member of it is a former homebound student! The four-teen musicians are now either in wheel chairs or on crutches. They have a number of engagements to ful-

fill this season, one of which is a performance soon to be given for the President at the White House.

Curiously enough, as Dr. Smith points out, the writing of poetry is a favorite pastime with her pupils. They love it. They themselves edit a year-book for homebonds to which hundreds of them contribute their pieces. Some of the contributions are extraordinary. Here is a bit of verse by Murielle Brouillard, who has been a homebound student for four years:

Sorrow, when you go,
Go softly,
Lest my heart should hear
The footsteps wrought,
And hearing
Should abandon
In its panic
The courage that your
Somber presence taught.

If Dr. Smith has vast faith and hope for the future of children who can produce such lines, who shall blame her? "One of the things of which I'm particularly proud," she adds, "is the high ratings our youngsters win in Regents' Examinations. Last year the highest marks in the city were those of a physically handicapped child."

★ FULLY as enthusiastic about the bureau's work as Dr. Adela J. Smith herself is Associate Superintendent of Schools Dr. Frank J. O'Brien, under whose aegis the Home Instruction Bureau has been flourishing for some twelve years.

"Our constant aim," he says, "is to bring the homebound child as close as possible to the advantages enjoyed by the child in school. Our latest means, still in experimental stages, is to connect the child in bed with his classroom at school by telephone. We use the type of intercommunication boxes you see in business offices. The bedridden pupil hears everything that goes on in the classroom. He can contribute his own voice to the proceedings whenever he likes. Can you appreciate how much it means to the morale of that homebound youngster to feel himself a part of his class? And what it means to the children in the classroom to realize that they belong to a society—a truly American democratic society—which does not forget its physically disabled?"

The intercommunicating telephone system may some day become a universal practice. Meanwhile, it still costs about forty dollars to equip a sickroom with the necessary apparatus. The experiments are still dependent on private contributions. But they will continue, Dr. O'Brien promises.

"That is one of the sources of gratification in this work—the fine public support it always wins."

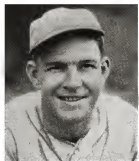
"The job we're doing," he continues, "is characteristically American and democratic. There's no other place in the world where you can find a phenomenon like ours"—he smiles—"a school that has no schoolhouse, yet can boast of 1,700 schoolrooms."

THE END

MASTER MELVIN GROWS UP



1926: Melvin in his first full-time season as a Giant.



1937: Mel at 26—popular, with a swell batting average.



1942: Mr. Melvin Ott as he went to work as manager.

BY FREDERICK G. LIEB

Here's a boy's dream come true!—The story behind the rise of baseball's Mr. Ott

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ JOHN JOSEPH MCGRAW, the Little Napoleon of three decades of the New York Giants, is dead eight years, but his spirit goes marching on in the National League. His former pupils dominate the managerial posts in it. Six of the eight pilots in the Ford Frick loop played under McGraw on the Giants: Frankie Frisch of the Pirates, Casey Stengel of the Braves, Billy Southworth of the Cardinals, Bill McKechnie of the Reds, Hans Lobert of the Phillies, and lastly Mel Ott of the Giants. So did Bill Terry, McGraw's immediate successor and Ott's predecessor, recently made head man of the Giant farm properties, and Art Fletcher, now Joe McCarthy's first lieutenant on the world's champion Yankees. Of these eight men, the one who as a rookie would have been least suspected of carrying McGraw's old baton in his knapsack was Ott, the Little Giant of Gretna, Louisiana—Mel Ott, who last winter signed a two-year contract as Giant manager at a salary of about \$25,000, 10 per cent of it to be paid to him in Defense Bonds.

In these days of extensive farm systems, a career such as that of Master Melvin, Ott's nickname as a juvenile slugger at New York's Polo Grounds, would be almost impossible. He reported to the Giants at the age of sixteen, and he never swung a bat for any other professional organiza-

tion. He wasn't even dug up by a regular Giant scout. When he presented himself at the Polo Grounds clubhouse in early September, 1925, after getting lost in New York's maze of traffic, he had with him his father's battered suitcase, a catcher's mask, and a penny postal card from Harry Williams, a wealthy New Orleans lumberman, asking him to report to McGraw, whom Williams had assured that young Ott was the greatest natural hitter ever to come out of Louisiana. McGraw had to see the kid bat only a few times before he realized that Williams was right as rain.

Such a natural was this boy Ott that today, every time he hits a home run or draws a base on balls, he extends the National League records in both these departments another notch. And the old league goes back sixty-six years, exactly twice Mel's present age. At the close of the 1941 season, his home runs totaled 415 and his walks, 1,335. All of which is indeed something. Among National League ten-year regulars, his lifetime batting average of .311 is topped only by Ducky Medwed and Arky Vaughan, both of Brooklyn. He has driven in more runs than any present-day National Leaguer, and only the two Waner boys have garnered more base hits.

The Giants "ain't what they used to be." During the better part of the McGraw regime they were baseball's best drawing card anywhere. With the coming of Babe Ruth to the Yankees, the Giants fell to second place in New York's Battle of the Turnstiles, though McGraw's later champions of 1921-24 continued to get the attendance pace in the National League. In recent years the Giants also have dropped well behind their neighbors, Larry MacPhail's colorful Dodgers. Nearly a third of their home

receipts, the last few seasons, were chalked up in the eleven games which the Dodgers annually play at the Polo Grounds. That's what MacPhail means when he says, "We keep the Giants in spending money!"

You've got to go back to the turn of the century to find another Giant team that finished in the second division for three successive years. They handed the managerial job over to John McGraw in midseason, 1902. His first move was to fire a dozen players. He finished last, but in 1903 he was second; in 1904 he went over the top to his first pennant. He repeated in 1905, when his pitching ace, Christy Mathewson, blanked the Philadelphia Athletics three times in the World Series. In his twenty-nine complete seasons at the helm, McGraw won ten times, was the runner-up ten times, and only twice wound up in the second division. In fact, only four of his clubs were lower than third.

Bill Terry won three pennants early in his decade as chief, but since the 1937 flag the course of the team has been consistently downward. The Giants skidded to fifth in 1939, plopped to sixth in 1940, finished fifth again in 1941. Something desperate had to be done. The young Giant president, Horace Stoneham, summoned Melvin Thomas Ott, the kid of the bayous, to see what he could do.

Mel is about as different from the late McGraw as a man could be. Many nice things were said and printed about him when Stoneham dropped his bombshell at the winter meetings, but old-timers of the game shook their heads. "Gosh, I love that young fellow as though he were my boy," said one grizzled scout; "but a manager has to be tough and have lots of fire."

Yet, despite his mildness and self-effacement, his popularity at the Polo Grounds grew with the years. Mel Ott Night at the old Harlem baseball orchard in the summer of 1940 was the greatest tribute ever paid to a New York player with the exception of Lou Gehrig Day at Yankee Stadium, July 4, 1939. What's more, Mel's popularity extends all over the circuit, even into Brooklyn. When he was appointed as Bill Terry's successor, a Dodger fan actually said: "What a



In '38, League President Frick presented Mel, most popular third baseman, with a new sedan.

lousy trick for Stoneham to play on us! You can't hate Mel Ott."

McGraw capitalized on the hatred of the Brooklyn, Chicago, and Philadelphia fans. And enjoyed it! It was good box-office. Bill Terry got himself hated plenty in Brooklyn with his taunt: "Oh, the Dodgers—are they still in the league?" The other towns in the circuit were indifferent to Bill and stayed away in droves when the Giants came.

McGraw was the foremost showman of all great managers. He knew how to get publicity for himself, his team, and his league. Terry is smart in a baseball way, knows ballplayers, and started in to be a good tactical manager. He put his club in three World's Series and won one of them. But Bill always was wrong in his psychology on the game. "My job is running this ball club. That's what I'm hired to do—nothing else," he once said emphatically when reproached for not unbending more with the baseball writers.

That's exactly why Mel Ott was brought into the managerial picture. His employers fully realize that he lacks McGraw's old fire and truculence, but he has appeal, winsomeness, consideration, courage, and an undeviating determination. What's more, he didn't get all of those homers and extra-base hits and that long string of bases on balls just by wishing for them. There is no greater tribute to his smartness as a player and batsman than the fact that in the entire season of 1941 he hit into only two double plays, less than any other regular player in the two major leagues. That kind of smartness may well pay dividends when applied to directing a ball club.

His very appointment was a solution for the Giants' publicity trouble. For one thing, even the humble writer from the sticks will never find him too busy to answer his telephone. Being a nice guy may not be the managerial drawback it used to be. There's Redland chief Deacon Bill McKechnie, the Wilkesburg choir singer, and genial Billy Southworth of the Cardinals. And where can one find a nicer guy than Joe McCarthy of the Yankees or Joe Cronin of the Red Sox?

Mel Ott is the Giant manager in the

full sense of the word. There was a rumor that Bill Terry still was to pull the strings, from behind the scenes. Mel scotched that one himself. "I am not a stooge for any one," he said, not at all mildly. "I am not taking orders from any one, but am giving the orders."

Horace Stoneham, president of the club, strongly backs up Mel's statement that he is nobody's stooge. "Ott's the boss, in complete charge," said Horace. "Every deal and trade we have made since his appointment has originated with him. I've consulted him on all our contracts. Terry will devote his attention entirely to our fans, and much of the time he will be out of New York. If Mel wants any help or advice, Bill will be there to offer it. Otherwise, Ott is strictly on his own."

★ THE deals Horace says originated with Ott landed Johnny Mize, former slugging first baseman of the Cardinals, and third baseman Billy Werber, who in 1939 put the pennant spark in the Reds, and have regained Hank Leiber from the Cubs. With Melvin Ott swinging his potent baton, this quartet should play quite a home-run symphony on New York's fences in the coming season.

When Ott first reported to McGraw at the Polo Grounds in 1925 the season had only a few weeks to go, and McGraw didn't even bother to announce the signing of the kid from the bayous. In the following winter he sent Williams a \$1,000 check for his discovery, and Harry promptly made Mel a present of it.

The youngster was back with the Giants the next season on full time. McGraw worked him in as a pinch hitter and utility outfielder. He hit 383 in sixty times at bat in thirty-five games. That's still the high for his big-league career. Incidentally, one of his sayings of that season is one of baseball's classics. After watching him catch during batting practice, McGraw concluded he was too small to make a suitable catcher. Approaching the strapping McGraw asked, "Did you ever play the outfield?"

"Yes, a little," replied Mel, "when I was a kid."

McGraw brought him up as care-

fully as though he had been a thoroughbred colt. "It would be easy to ruin him," McGraw would say. "Those thick leg muscles still are soft and undeveloped. Play him too much now, and he'll be cursed with charley horses all through his career." What's more, McGraw gave no minor-league manager a chance to ruin Master Melvin; he never was out on option a day after he signed with the Giants. He took part in eighty-two games in 1927, 124 in 1928, and finally was permitted to go the full distance at the age of twenty in 1929. From the start he had the knack of pulling the ball into right field, but the home runs came slowly, none in 1926, one in 1927, eighteen in 1928, and forty-two—Mel's record crop—in 1929.

In right field for the Giants, he followed a list of distinguished predecessors. He soon mastered the trick of playing carom shots off the right-field wall with the former skill of Ross Youngs, and he whanged in the ball to the plate like another Red Jack Murray.

He was the apple of McGraw's eye. The old Oriole was getting older; he was feeling none too well and was losing some of the old fire. His last pennant was in 1924, the year before Ott joined up. But even more than of winning ten pennants, he was proud of the great players he had discovered or developed: Christy Mathewson, Art Devlin, Larry Doyle, Art Fletcher, Fred Merkle, Rube Marquard, Jeff Tesreau, Frankie Frisch, George Kelly, Heinie Groh, Ross Youngs, Freddy Fitzsimmons, Carl Hubbell—and Mel Ott.

Mrs. McGraw, widow of the great chieftain, has confided to the writer that of the hundreds of players who served under him, the two for whom he had the warmest personal affection were "Big Six" Mathewson and little Mel Ott.

And now, somewhere in the cheering section of the game's Valhalla, Mister McGraw is rooting for his last favorite, Mel Ott, to restore the Giants to the baseball heights. And deep in Master Melvin's heart is the wish to restore the full meaning of that old Giant slogan:

"We Are the People."

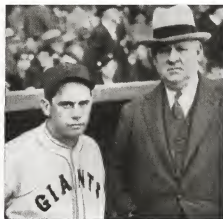
THE END



In '39 Captain Mel showed friends some silverware presented to him at the Polo Grounds.



"Sarge" Greenberg, Joe DiMaggio, and Mel with New York Baseball Writers Association awards.



Back to '33: Mel's mentor, the great McGraw, with Bill Terry, his successor as manager.

THE SAGA OF MIKE SHANNON

Adventure!—A stirring story of a man who "wasn't afraid of anything" . . . and a girl who saw deep into his heart

BY BILL GULICK

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ THE winter evening was closing in, cold and gray. The chill north wind had long since made my face stiff as a board, and my neck muscles were cramped from an hour of staring at the top of the sixty-foot pole. Beside me, Ed Grady, foreman of the line crew, cupped his hands about his mouth and shouted up, "About finished, Steve?"

"Another minute and we will be."

Ed nodded and thrust his hands inside his mackinaw. He started pacing again, grumbling about the weather and cursing the perverse fate that had made him foreman of the finest hot-line crew in the Plains States organization instead of an executive with a warm steam-heated office in which to work. Hot weather or cold, Ed Grady suffered more from it than any man I ever knew.

Somebody tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You ramrodding this crew, bud?" I turned around.

This fellow was big—bigger than any man I'd ever seen. He wore bib overalls, laced boots, and a red flannel shirt, and the shirt was open at the throat in spite of the near-freezing weather. Tool belt and climbing irons were slung over one shoulder, and he had the look of a lineman about him. And something more: he had the look of a piece of tempered steel, the hardness of it beneath the laugh in his blue eyes, the brittleness of it in the set grin on his lips.

"No," I said. "I'm the timekeeper. Ed Grady there is your man."

This fellow nodded and walked over to Ed and said, "My name's Mike Shannon, bud. Need a top lineman?"

Now, when Ed first turned to look at this Mike Shannon, he was a little sore because he didn't like to be bothered when his men upstairs were doing dangerous work, but after a moment the irritation in his eyes died. Because he knew a lineman when he saw one, Ed did, and he needed men bad, what with this thing that had happened to Harvey Blake three weeks ago.

"I'm not in the habit of hiring

Ed Grady
Harvey Blake

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWIN HENRY

strangers as top hands," he told Mike Shannon.

"I ain't asking you to make it a habit," Mike Shannon answered.

Ed looked at him a moment longer, then said to me, "Sign him up, Bill. First-class wages."

I filled out the employment form when we got in to the storeroom. And I found out things about Shannon.

He'd worked for almost every big company there was. He'd been on the Boulder Dam job; he'd climbed for an outfit in New York State, for another in Mexico. He'd ramrodded crews in South America for the big construction companies that headquarter in New Orleans. He'd never been fired off a job yet, and he'd never stayed with one till it was finished. He'd made a thousand dollars for three months' work on his last job, quit, spent the thousand in two weeks, and now here he was in the Oklahoma oil fields, broke and not ashamed of it.

He signed the employment slip and

Shannon stored down at him, grinning. Doris gave a cry, started toward him.





said, "What kind of crew have you got?"

I told him. I told him how our crew drew down the jobs that were too nasty for anybody else to handle, how we made repairs on lines while they were still in service, working with rubber gloves and insulated line tools on everything from twenty-three hundred volts up to sixty-six thousand. Just to see if I couldn't wipe that set contemptuous grin off his face, I said, "You're taking the place of Harvey Blake. He was burned to death three weeks ago."

Mike Shannon just yawned. "How about staking me to supper, bud?"

That was the first glimpse I got of what was inside Mike Shannon. I didn't know quite what to think of it. It was a hard thing and a cruel thing, this absence of fear in Mike Shannon. I didn't know whether to admire or hate it.

I took him to the café where the crew ate and Doris came to get our order. A mighty sweet girl, Doris, blonde and slim, with eyes that went down into a man and seemed to see what was going on inside. "Hello, Bill," she said. "What'll it be?"

I ordered a steak, but Mike Shannon didn't order anything; just sat there measuring her in a way I didn't like at all. "Cute," he said. "Mighty cute."

Her eyes went cold, like frost on a windowpane, and she asked him what he wanted to eat. He made a couple of cracks, then ordered a steak. When Doris had gone, I growled, "Ease up, Shannon. She's the sister of the lineman who got burned. The boys won't stand for any raw stuff."

It was so. The boys along the counter had stopped eating and were throwing ugly looks at Mike Shannon. But Mike just kept on grinning and made another crack.

Steve Hanna, who had something more than a friendly interest in Doris Blake, got up slowly and folded his napkin. Steve was the number one lineman in the crew. Tall, gaunt, with gray serious eyes. Some said Steve was slow on a pole, but it was his way

that fooled them. Steve never made a mistake; he never wasted a motion; he thought things through before he ever started them. And from the look on his face now, I knew he'd thought this one through. He touched Mike Shannon on the shoulder.

"Your lip hangs down too far, Shannon. Better button it."

Shannon swung around on the stool. "It takes a pretty good-sized buttonhook. I doubt if you got it."

Steve hit him. Mike's head snapped back as the knuckles crunched against his jawbone, but he never blinked. He stood up. "You shouldn't have done that," he said softly.

The boys crowded around, each one ready to take his turn if Steve Hanna couldn't do the job. Frazier, solid-built and hard as iron; Hanson, middle-aged and gray but still pretty much of a man; Adams, young and high-tempered and dynamite in a scrap. Even Little Joe stood ready to do his bit.

Doris Blake stopped it. Before Mike Shannon could lift a hand, she was in front of him, eyes afire. "Stop it, all of you!" She turned on Steve. "I can take care of myself."

Mike Shannon kept on grinning. And it was Steve who got red and ashamed. He mumbled an apology to Shannon. Mike ignored it. "That's one I owe you," he said. He looked at Doris. "Thanks for protecting me, girlie."

She stared queerly at him a moment, then walked away.

★ SO before Mike Shannon ever stuck a gaff in a pole, he had every man in the crew hating him. He didn't let it bother him. He went about his work with the set grin on his face, asking advice of nobody, offering advice to nobody. I give him credit, he could do twice the work of any man in the crew, including Steve Hanna. He was stronger than Steve, he was faster, he took more chances.

In close places where Steve would spend half an hour covering up bare wires with rubber insulation so there would be no chance of brushing into them, Mike Shannon ignored such precautions, working with his steel gaffs sticking into the pole maybe no more than six inches away from sure death. And he sang while he worked, his shirt open to the freezing gale and his hands bare while other men shivered in their mackinaws and heavy gloves.

Ed Grady tried to make him pay attention to safety rules, but it did no good. "Best way to take care of your skin," Mike said, "is to keep a cool head. And after all, Ed, it is my skin, ain't it?"

I believe Ed would have fired him on the spot if it hadn't been good men were so scarce. Ed said, "Yeah, it's your skin. But I hate to make the company go to the expense of burying you."

Grumbling, he stalked away. Mike bummed me for a cigarette. "Sort of a panty-waist crew you got, bud."



BY THURSTON GENTRY

I said the boys were just smart. Too smart to grab hold of something just to see if it was hot.

"Bah!" Mike grunted. "If your number is up, you get it. If it ain't, you don't. So why worry?"

I'd heard that one from linemen before, but this time I almost believed the speaker meant it.

We had a job to do in a substation one afternoon and Ed Grady had me take the pick-up and drive Frazier and Mike Shannon and Little Joe over to the sub. The work didn't amount to anything, and in an hour or so the two linemen buttoned it up. Mike was already on the ground and Frazier was climbing down when I heard somebody yell, "Headache!"

I looked up. Frazier had dropped his pliers. They bounced off a steel I beam with a clink, then fell across two hot four-thousand-volt wires. There was a flash and a sound like spitting on a red-hot stove, and the pliers tumbled on to the ground.

"Did the circuit kick out?" Frazier yelled. Mike Shannon said no, and I picked up the pliers. It was a queer thing. The tempered steel of those pliers was melted like butter at the two places where it had contacted the wires. Yet the wires themselves, even though of a fairly soft copper, weren't hurt at all nor had a fuse blown.

Frazier laughed when he saw no damage had been done. "Glad it was my pliers instead of me."

I laughed too. Then I looked over at Little Joe and stopped laughing. His sun-wrinkled face was white as flour. He was trembling. "It's a sign," he said. "I tell ya, it's a sign."

"Of what?" I said.

Little Joe wouldn't answer. He shook his head and started putting the tools in the pick-up, mumbling to himself. I turned to Mike Shannon. "What's he mumbling about?"

For once Mike Shannon wasn't grinning. He was staring at Frazier.

He shook his head slowly. "I dunno. First time I ever seen anything like that happen."

The way he took this thing that had happened stirred my curiosity. It complicated the whole riddle that was Mike Shannon. I'd seen him take risks that would mean sure death to the ordinary man; I'd seen him laugh when Steve Hanna hit him. Yet this little thing doing what it had to him—it made me wonder.

There was a dance at a place out on the edge of town that night and the whole crew went. I drifted into the dance hall a little later. Mike Shannon called me over to his table. He'd been drinking heavy all evening but I couldn't see it had had any effect on him, except maybe to make the laugh in his eyes more pronounced. His eyes kept following Steve and Doris as they danced around the crowded floor. Pretty soon he got up and pushed his way through to them. He tapped Steve on the shoulder.

"I'm cutting in, bud." Steve's face got red. Doris said something to him and he nodded finally and walked off. Mike put his arm around Doris and they started dancing, talking and laughing, looking at each other as though there was nobody else on the floor.

I managed to cut in for a dance with Doris later in the evening. I didn't step on her feet but twice. The second time, I apologized and said, "This Mike Shannon is quite a guy, isn't he?" She looked sharply at me. "Yes. Quite a guy. I feel sorry for him."

I stopped dancing. "Sorry for him?"

She nodded. The music quit and we walked to a table and sat down, me wondering if maybe it was a joke. Because Mike Shannon wasn't the sort you felt sorry for. You could like him or hate him. Nothing else.

I told Doris so. Womanlike, she had to convince me I was wrong. She said,

(Continued on page 30)

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(Continued from page 28)

"Do you know what makes Mike different from the other men?"

"Sure," I said. "He isn't afraid of anything. But what's that got to do with you feeling sorry for him?"

She didn't answer directly. She frowned as if searching for the right words, and finally said, "Bill, look at the other men. Frazier and Hanson have both got wives and families depending on them. And Adams—his wife is going to have a baby soon. And Steve..."

"Has got you," I said.
She flushed a little. "That's beside the point. The thing I'm getting at is this: What difference would it make to anybody if Mike Shannon got killed tomorrow? Mike knows that. Bill. Which explains why I feel sorry for him."

I didn't get it exactly, but I said, "Yes, so it does."

Steve Hanna came up, and I excused myself and went to see if there was anything left in Mike Shannon's bottle. And I got to wondering about Mike and Steve and Doris, and about the way a woman's mind works.

★ WE drew down a nasty job next day. We had to change out an insulator on a junction pole, a big seventy-foot stick that had more hot stuff on it than any five poles had a right to have. Up at the top were two sixty-six-thousand-volt lines, six wires in all, hanging down in suspension insulators from ten-foot cross-arms. Halfway down the pole and running at right angles to the sixty-six lines was a four-thousand-volt circuit

—an oil refinery circuit carrying a load you wouldn't believe.

Ed Grady sent Steve Hanna and Frazier up to change out the insulator. He had them cover up the four-thousand-volt wires with rubber snakes so there would be no danger of brushing into something hot when they climbed through the circuit. "Snakes," understand, are long pieces of soft nonconducting rubber that fit down over bare wires; they're about the only insulation a man can trust on high-voltage stuff.

When they'd taped the snakes in place, Steve and Frazier climbed on up to the top of the pole and went to work on the big line. It took an hour or so to do the job because they did it the sure way, not hurrying any, stopping every few minutes to blow on their cold-numbed hands and smoke a cigarette.

Frazier started down the pole first, Steve waiting upstairs until he should get in the clear. Just above the four-thousand-volt circuit it happened, and none of us watching ever knew just how or why. Frazier was cold, maybe, and in a hurry to get down; or maybe he just forgot where he was for a moment, like the best of men will sometimes do. For he slipped, and one of his gaffs struck a rubber snake and pierced on through to the hot wire.

I saw him stiffen and sprawl out on that network of wires and my heart quit cold. Ed Grady started yelling. Up above, Steve Hanna was yelling—and none of the noise was helping Frazier any. Mike Shannon cursed and leaped for the pole. Because I had to do something, I turned and ran for a

phone and called an ambulance. Then I sat down, shaking, until I heard the siren screaming down the street.

They had Frazier on the ground by then. They piled him into the ambulance and it pulled away, the siren climbing up to its piercing wail. I asked somebody what Frazier's chances were, and Little Joe said he didn't have any.

"I seen it comin' the other day," he said. "I tell ya, it was a sign."

Still trembling and weak, I sat down on the truck fender. "Who pulled him loose?" I said.

"Mike Shannon. He didn't pay no attention to Ed at all, just went up and jerked him off them wires and carried him down before Steve Hanna could even move." Little Joe shook his head. "How Mike kept from gettin' it too, I dunno. I guess his number just wasn't up."

I looked around. Steve Hanna was sitting on the ground, his face down in his hands. He was trembling. Watching him, Mike Shannon leaned against the truck, puffing calmly on a cigarette. And the set grin was on his lips and the hardness was in his eyes.

He tossed the cigarette away and walked over to Steve. "Better ease up, bud. It's happened before and it'll happen again before you and me hang up our hooks."

Steve's head came up and he stared at Mike Shannon. And the look in his eyes was fear, and whether it was fear of what he had just seen or fear of Mike Shannon was beyond my knowing.

There was an investigation of Frazier's death as there always is in such cases. The brass hats from the Safety Department snooped around to get the details of the accident. Everybody in the crew was questioned and cross-questioned, but about the only fact that came out clear was the thing Mike Shannon had done, the way he had climbed up and pulled Frazier loose. It was told and retold, and with every telling it got bigger, till there wasn't a person in the Plains States organization but knew who Mike Shannon was and all about this thing he had done.

Naturally, the boys in the crew changed their ideas some about Mike, because the one thing a lineman respects above all others is courage, and he had his share and more of that.

We got a two-day lay-off while the investigation was going on so we could get over the jitters. During those two days all kinds of wild rumors grapevined to me. I heard that Ed Grady was through as a foreman, that he was being pulled into the office because the brass hats were afraid he couldn't cut it any more. I heard the crew was going to be broken up and a new one formed.

★ THEN Ed came into the store-room one afternoon and gave me the straight dope on what was in the air. "They're giving me an office job," he said. "Sort of an assistant maintenance superintendent. It's been



hanging fire for several months now and the skipper figures this is as good a time as any for him to make the switch."

It was a promotion for Ed, one that he deserved. I told him I thought it was swell. "Who's going to take over the crew?" I asked.

Ed shook his head. "Don't know for sure yet. Maybe Steve Hanna. I'd like to see him get it. But maybe he won't."

He stuck a cigarette in his mouth and fumbled for a match. I handed him one.

"Then who?" I said.

"Mike Shannon. The brass hats are sold on him."

And there it was. Mike Shannon, who'd been with the company little more than a week, in line for a job that by all that was fair and right belonged to Steve Hanna. Steve, understand, had been working toward it for five years, taking his job seriously, conscientiously, planning toward the day when he could hang up his hooks and have the security a foreman's position brought.

"I'd like to see Steve get it," I said.

Ed frowned and sucked at the cigarette. He was square, Ed was, and whether he liked a man or disliked him made no difference where the job was concerned.

"I don't know," he said carefully. "This thing that happened to Frazier is bothering Steve a lot. Maybe he'll get over it. But it's bothering him."

I watched Steve in the café that night and saw Ed was right. This thing was bothering him plenty. He smoked more than usual, he was more serious than usual, and he hardly talked at all. Doris made jokes with him and laughed a lot, but it didn't help any. Good actress though she was, she couldn't make it ring true. Because every time you looked at her you remembered her brother, Harvey Blake, and the thing that had happened to him, and that made you think about Frazier.

When Doris got off work, she made Steve take her to a show. I stayed in the café, drinking coffee and stuffing nickels in the music machine. Mike Shannon drifted in and sat down beside me and ordered coffee.

"Have you heard the story that's going around, bud?"

"What story?" I said.

"The one about Ed Grady moving up and me taking over the crew."

"No," I said. "I hadn't heard."

Mike poured cream into his coffee and stirred it absently. There was a strange light in his eyes. "That'd be a laugh, wouldn't it? Me settling down. Me hanging up my hooks for good." He chuckled low in his throat, and there was something real about it. "You know, bud, it might not be so bad at that. If a guy had him a home and a . . ."

"A what?" I said.

Mike grinned at me and shrugged. "A place to hang his hat," he said.

The next day was Sunday and it made the third in a row we hadn't worked. The dance hall opened up in

the afternoon and the boys began to congregate there because it was the only place in town where there was any music and noise. About three o'clock snow started falling, floating down in big soft flakes that melted as soon as they touched the ground.

Ed Grady came in and had a beer with me. "Just talked to the dispatcher," he said. "Snowing pretty heavy fifty miles north. Ice forming on the wires. Better have the boys keep in touch with you so you can round them up if we have to go out."

Most of the crew were in the dance hall, and after Ed left I told them what he'd said. Steve came in with Doris and I told him too, and he seemed almost relieved at the prospect of a little action. But Doris said anxiously, "I hope they don't call you out, Steve. In this weather . . ." She bit her lip.

Steve laughed a little nervously. "Lines don't burn down except in this kind of weather."

★ MIKE SHANNON was drinking and asked me to join him. "Sorry," I said, "but we both better take a rain check on that for a while."

It was the wrong thing to say. "Suit yourself," he grunted, "but don't be telling me what to do."

He kept on drinking. The snow kept falling, beginning to cover the ground now, and as the early evening closed in the wind grew stronger, colder. You could feel tension building up among the men; you could feel them waiting, listening almost, for something to burn down. Looking around the room, I knew what every man was thinking. It showed in the way conversations started, carried on for a few minutes in a forced way, then dwindled without getting anywhere.

Mike Shannon, weaving just a shade, swaggered over to the table where Doris and Steve and I were sitting. He had dropped a nickel in the juke box and music was blaring out, loud and harsh.

"How about dancing this one with me, girlie?" he said to Doris.

She tried to smile but didn't make it very real. "Sorry. I don't feel like dancing."

"You mean you just don't feel like dancing with me?"

She glanced up at him, irritated at first, then her eyes changed and she started to say something. Steve Hanna beat her to it. He stood up. "She said she didn't want to dance. Beat it."

"Steve!" Doris said. He paid her no attention.

"I said beat it, Shannon."

Mike Shannon grinned slowly. "I owe you one, Hanna." He hit Steve, and the sound of it made me wince. Steve piled up against a table leg on the other side of the room. He lay there a moment, dazed, shaking his head. Shannon stared down at him, grinning, waiting.

Doris gave a little cry and started toward Steve. Mike Shannon grabbed her arm with a big paw and pulled her back.

"Don't pay him any mind," he said. "We're dancing this one."

The two of them looked at each other a moment, Mike Shannon big and strong and confident, Doris tiny and indignant. Then anger flooded her cheeks with crimson.

★ "YOU—you coward!" she said. With her free hand she slapped him hard, Mike Shannon didn't seem to feel the blow. A look of bewilderment came over his face. Still holding her arm, he stared down at Steve Hanna; he looked back at her. He jerked a thumb over in Steve's direction.

"You love this guy, don't you?"

Doris nodded, and Mike let go of her arm, and she put her hands over her face and started crying.

It was then that Ed Grady came in and said one of the big transmission trunks was down and for us to get ready to go tie her up. The boys moved out fast. Except Mike Shannon.

He kept standing in the middle of the floor, rubbing his cheek where Doris had slapped him.

Ed looked sharply at him. "Are you drunk?" he snapped. Mike came out of it then. The hardness came back into his eyes and the corners of his mouth lifted in that set contemptuous grin.

"Drunk or sober, I can hold up my end with that panty-waist crew of yours."

He did. Nobody ever knew whether he was drunk or sober that night, but he did the work of three men. He worked without a coat, his shirt open at the throat as though it were a warm summer day instead of nighttime with a howling blizzard whipping the tops of those big sticks around like willow shoots. And he sang while he worked, that big voice of his audible above the moaning of the wind and the roaring of the truck motor as the winch sucked up the long spans of fallen copper.

Because the work was too heavy for a lone man to handle, the men worked in pairs. Except Mike Shannon. He cut it alone. I think that was because Ed Grady wasn't sure of him and didn't want to risk getting anybody hurt because of working with Mike Shannon.

★ WE tied up one break in the big line, then got in the truck and drove across town to a place where another break was. When the truck pulled up beside a towering snow-covered pole, it was so dark I hadn't the least idea where we were. Little Joe knew, though.

"Same place Frazier got it," he shouted at me above the roaring of the wind. I recognized the pole then. Somebody set out flares and they sputtered a pale ghostly white in the blackness. Up above, I could see dimly the wires of the four-thousand-volt circuit; above them, the wires of the two big trunk lines. I shivered, remembering, and looking around, I saw



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ZEMO

Steve Hanna staring 'up, and knew he was remembering, too.

Ed Grady assigned poles to each pair of linemen, but though some one had to go upstairs on this stick, he didn't order anybody up. He was putting it off till the last thing, I guess, because he knew how the men felt.

Mike Shannon grunted, "If you don't mind, boys, I'll take this one. Won't have to walk so far from the truck."

He stuck his gaffs in the pole and started up. The rest of the boys moved off down the right of way. Steve Hanna said to Ed, "Maybe I'd better go with Mike and give him a hand."

Ed gave him a long look. And I knew he saw the same thing in Steve Hanna's face that I saw—fear, deathly fear, yet something beneath it that made Steve Hanna bigger than the fear was.

Ed smiled. "You stay on the ground and help me watch things."

I turned the truck spotlight on Mike Shannon and watched him scramble through the hot four-thousand-volt circuit. He didn't bother to cover it, just went through it and climbed on up to a spot just below the big lines at the top of the pole. Both the sixty-six-thousand circuits were dead, and there were half a dozen shattered insulators had to be changed out, and Mike went to work at it, doing a two-man job on his lonesome and not minding, singing at the top of his voice.

Ed Grady kept moving up and down the line to see how the other men were coming along, and it was while he was several spans away, while only Steve Hanna and I were watching Mike Shannon, that this unbelievable thing happened. Something upstairs gave way—what it was, we couldn't tell in the darkness—but suddenly Mike Shannon stopped singing and his body hunched down in a crazy position.

Steve Hanna yelled, "The wire fell on him!"

I shifted the spotlight so we could see better. When the circle of light focused on that black silent figure, I gasped. One of those big wires had worked free from its clamp and fallen on Mike Shannon's shoulder; the terrific weight was thrusting him down in his hooks, twisting his body horribly.

I heard him yell, "Get the men in the clear! Can't hold it much longer!" "God!" Steve said. "She'll fall across that four thousand!"

I understood then. The rest of the crew was strung up and down the right of way, working on the line whose weight was about to tear Mike Shannon from the pole. If that line fell, it would drop across the four-thousand-volt circuit—and that circuit was hotter than the Fourth of July in hell.

"Don't stand there!" Mike yelled again, and his voice sounded weaker now. "Get the men in the clear!"

Staring up, Steve Hanna stood frozen for maybe two seconds. Then

he moved. Not down the right of way but toward the pole. He hung a set of double blocks in his tool belt and started up the pole, and there was nothing at all slow in the way he climbed.

Now, there was no call for Steve to do this thing, because, being on the ground, he didn't stand to get hurt, no matter what happened. And to me it seemed that the important thing now was to get the men in the clear before Mike let go of the wire.

Steve didn't see it my way, and there, I guess, was where he was smarter than me. He was smarter because he'd taken a couple of seconds to think it through, where I hadn't, and he'd figured out a way he could tie that wire off, saving the men and saving the job too.

In no time at all Steve reached the spot where Mike Shannon was. He fastened his safety around the pole and leaned out with the blocks and snubbed the wire up in this way he'd figured out. Then he carried Mike Shannon down the pole, carried that big hunk of man who outweighed him by a good seventy-five pounds to the ground and laid him in the back end of the truck.

Mike Shannon was out, out cold.

"Is he dead?" I said.

Steve shook his head. And the strange thing was, he was grinning. "Hell, no. Little thing like that couldn't kill Mike Shannon."

☆ STEVE was right. The doctors at the hospital said if they hadn't seen it they wouldn't have believed it; they wouldn't have believed any man could hold up the weight Mike Shannon had and live to laugh about it the way Mike Shannon did.

I dropped in to see him every day. Once while I was there a nurse carried in a big bunch of flowers that the boys in the crew had sent to him.

"For me?" Mike said.

"Sure," I said. "The boys won't ever forget what you did." I told him how everybody was talking of the way he held onto that wire; how maybe the company was going to give him a medal for it. He stared at me like he didn't understand.

Doris came to see him only once. Mike was up and about some by then. I don't know what he said to her, but coming down the hall toward his room, I saw her leaving, and she was crying. I went on into the room and found Mike sitting in a chair by the window, staring down at the street.

☆ "HELLO, bud," he said. I said hello and offered him a cigarette. He took it and lit it and kept staring down at the street.

"Who's ramrodding the crew now?" he asked.

"Steve Hanna. But only until you get on your feet again. The company's pretty proud of you, Mike. The foreman's job is yours as long as you want it."

"What'll Steve do when I take over?"

"Why, start climbing poles again, I guess."

Mike Shannon was silent for a while. Then he turned and looked at me, and the old grin—or a good imitation of it—was on his lips again. "You think I'm pretty brave, don't you? You think I stood up there and held that wire because of some mushy idea about saving somebody else's skin." He laughed harshly. "You're wrong, bud. Reason I held on was because it had me pinned where I couldn't let loose."

Now, I knew he was lying. Because I'd got the straight dope from Steve Hanna about the way it was. But I just said, "It doesn't make a whole lot of difference one way or another."

He laughed again. "Maybe not. But if you think they're going to reward me for something I didn't do by giving me a job I don't want, you're crazy. I'm pulling out of here. Steve Hanna can keep the crew."

I waited. But he didn't say anything more, and after a while I started toward the door. He called me back. He was frowning. "Bud, I wish you'd tell somebody . . ." He stopped.

"Tell somebody what?" I said.

He stood there a minute, looking at me, not seeing me. Then he shook his head. "Nothing. Nobody."

Because Mike Shannon had the look of a man who wanted to be left alone, I went out. And the next day he was gone, gone for good, and nobody had the slightest notion where. And maybe, what with the way things turned out for Doris and Steve, it was all for the best.

But I wondered that day, and I've kept wondering since, just why Mike Shannon lied to me, and what it was he wanted me to tell Doris Blake.

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

HOW TO GET ALONG IN THE ARMY, by "Old Sarge."

During the past year there must have been published at least a score of books explaining to the citizenry in general and prospective recruits in particular how the new United States army is designed; that the artillery is the bunch in charge of the larger guns, that a major is a captain's superior, and so on. Many detail the functions of the new mobile weapons admirably, and most are written by officers. That's the point. This is different.

It is sound off-the-arm advice addressed directly to the thousands whose numbers have been called or are expected to be, who are about to enter a life about which they have gathered only confused ideas, hearsay. Written throughout from the viewpoint of the man in the ranks, the book begins with an invaluable tip about breaking in shoes in advance of induction, tells what clothes and accessories to take and (more important) what not to take, and proceeds with advice that should enable any normal man to duck a lot of petty grief, to "catch on" quickly. (D. Appleton-Century Company.)

"This is the last time he spansks that boy!"



1. Whenever Tommy gets a spanking, our whole family is upset. Big Tom hates to do it and mopes for hours afterward. And Tommy's little nervous system gets so upset he can't eat. So last Friday I decided to put an end to spankings...



2. Tommy was getting spanked for not taking his laxative. He hates the taste of it and fights it tooth and nail. It was spilled all over the rug and Big Tom was at his wits' end because in everything else Tommy is so reasonable.



3. When Tommy'd gone to his room, I said, "There must be another way, Tom. Anything he hates that much may do him harm. I've got a date with Tracy and I think I'll ask her advice. She used to be a registered nurse."



4. So I told Tracy all about it. "The doctor I used to work with," she said, "recommended Fletcher's Castoria for children. You see, it's made especially for babies and children. Especially the taste. Children love it."



5. "And my doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is gentle and safe for a child's delicate system—yet thorough. It clears away waste almost naturally, by stimulating muscular movement. Let's go and get a bottle."



6. The druggist recommended Fletcher's Castoria highly. He said senna is its chief ingredient and that there are no harmful drugs or narcotics in Fletcher's Castoria, so it isn't likely to form a habit. I bought the Family-Size bottle and saved money.



7. Tom told Tommy we had a new laxative for him. And that he only had to take it if he liked it. Well, he just loved it! From now on Fletcher's Castoria is Tommy's laxative...and no buts!

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ "NOTHING tight fitting." . . . There's your wardrobe watchword for spring and summer. It is the most important point to keep in mind! Ruth Jacobs emphasized it in the following forecast she gave me about clothes that will be smart from Easter on. Staff expert for Women's Wear publications, Miss Jacobs, in my opinion, is the best all-round dress tipster of the bunch. . . .

"Comfortable clothes will be the thing," says she. "Easy to get into quickly. Coats of soft fabrics cut polo fashion. Lots of tailored suits; few evening dresses. Street dresses or even a suit with V-neck lingerie blouse will be O. K. day and night. Skirts about one inch longer. Platform shoes any time; wedge shoes only for sports occasions. Medium heels. Bright-colored shoes to match gloves or pocketbooks. Satchel-type over-the-shoulder pocketbooks, also long narrow ones. No serious stocking news expected until fall. As to dress and suit colors generally, navy blue will be the spring favorite, combined with white and red. Other popular colors will be bright green, chartreuse, all shades of American Beauty, some vivid yellows. Flared skirts are out. We'll wear straight skirts with a mere hint of fullness. Turbans for hair concealment, or tiny hats with ribbon bows and face-framing veils. Smartest hair-do will be a shorter curly bob." Next week I'll report Ruth Jacobs' information about service uniforms.

★ **NOTED** during a recent lecture trip to Chicago: . . . Rose Gallienne, wife of Chicago's British consul, back here after two years of London bombing, joyously unwraps a birthday present—latest style pocketbook from Saks, gorgeous green with inset panel of hand-painted flowers. . . . Pleasant visit at offices of newest big-town daily, the Chicago Sun, talking with Marshall Field, Silliman Evans, Rex Smith. Due to auto restrictions, cracks Evans, the day may come when newspaper deliveries will be made by mule team. On his farm

he has a prize mule named Bert. Marshall Field laughs at Evans and me for swapping caviar recipes; calls us sky-pie epicures. . . . Irene Castle at the Mayfair Room, deeply moved when Hildegard plays her waltz hit of another wartime generation, Nights of Gladness. Renee deMarco, star dancer of today, moved just as deeply as she watches Irene react. . . . Emil Coleman to my table, chatting Russian. Friendly pair, dining near by, introduce themselves as constant readers of this page. From Gary, Indiana, they make me happy by saying they would have recognized me anyway, whether or not they'd heard my Russky lingo.

★ **NEWEST** silver jewelry is decorated with the opening bar of a famous musical composition. Wearing one such, I first met my dress-goods dealer, then my editor. Soon as they saw my adornment, both men started humming Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Victory symphony. Designed by Egil Hove, these victory ornaments come in earrings, bracelet, pin. Pin costs \$3. Whole set costs \$10.

★ MY psychological friend, Dr. Clewis, says some women are ruled by a complex, more women by a whim, most women by a whimplex.

★ **FASCINATED** always by San Francisco, I've had great fun reading about that city's most romantic true-life characters in Miriam Allen deFord's new book, *They Were San Franciscans*. (Published by the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Ohio.)

★ **HERE'S** a Swiss casserole, often the evening meal relished by mountain guides. It makes a good dinner for Lent: . . . Break 1 pound macaroni into 3-inch lengths; cook 15 to 20 minutes in salted water; rinse in cold water and drain. Prepare casserole baking dish with butter and bread crumbs. Put in a layer of macaroni. On this put 2 tablespoons



Fashion tip: Lots of tailored suits will be worn this spring.

chopped fried onions, salt, pepper, a sprinkle of flour. Now a second layer macaroni, spread generously with American loaf cheese cut in squares. (Actually better than Swiss cheese for the purpose.) Repeat layers until dish is full. Top with plenty of cheese. Pour in 1 cup milk mixed with 2 beaten eggs, and make sure milk sinks down. Stand casserole in pan of water and bake forty minutes in moderate oven. Top must be brown. Serve piping hot with a salad of lettuce and beets.

★ **DON'T** you like this old Easter superstition? . . . On Easter morning the head of the household divides a gaily colored egg so that every member of the family eats a piece of it. Later on, if you ever get lost in life, you must think of each dear one with whom you shared that egg. They will then think of you, and, according to the legend, their thoughts will help you find your way home.

PICTURES

YOU OUGHT TO SEE



Henry Fonda, Olivia De Havilland, and Jack Carson in *The Male Animal*.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ **THE MALE ANIMAL** (for showmanship, fun, and Fonda)

A lot of plays find their way into movies. Few of them turn out as well as this smart adaptation of the James Thurber-Elliott Nugent comedy which delighted Broadway audiences not so long ago. Nugent himself has staged it.

He's retained all the humor and significance of the original. What's more, he's made it a real film. Having seen the play twice, I wasn't looking forward much to the screen version. But it is every bit as good and in quite a few ways better than the theater piece.

Once more a bespectacled professor is shoved around by big virile types, from the trustees of his college to a former football star and ex-beau of his wife.

He attempts to handle his professional and domestic problems rationally for a time. Then the old male animal asserts itself. He becomes a valiant defender of both his home and his university. In one case it leads to a hilarious burlesque.

In the second you have a challenging and eloquent battle cry for freedom. The show has a real double wallop in the ending.

It's funny all the way through. With Henry Fonda playing the professor

brilliantly and Olivia De Havilland contributing a radiant portrayal of his wife, the movie has a solid foundation of human drama. When their lives are turned topsy-turvy in the midst of a big football rally, every situation takes on a keen edge of satire and humor.

Since Nugent has made the most of every minor incident from the play and added some new ones to boot, it's a thoroughly engaging screen comedy.

Thurber and Nugent combined a couple of plots in their comedy. It's a trick that is hard to turn, but it worked out superbly behind footlights and it works out equally well on the screen. Part of the time you are concerned with the male animal and his mate, with a turning-worm twist to the tale, as the professor gets plastered and swings on the former football hero. Threaded through this personal story is the professor's courageous defense of academic liberty and free speech in spite of the opposition encountered from hide-bound trustees.

The professor wins, of course, in both encounters, although he takes quite a shellacking when he tangles with the big athlete. What appealed to me most in the balance of two themes in *The Male Animal* is the fact that each has been handled quite differently without causing dramatic conflict. There is an uproariously comic scene in which the professor drinks too much and gets really tough about holding his beautiful wife. There is a tensely serious interlude as he reads

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got you
"hanging on
the
ropes"?



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Vanzetti's eloquent last letter to his English class even though it means the end of his career.

Henry Fonda is a good screen actor. He's much more than that in *The Male Animal*. His portrayal of the poky teacher who suddenly gets up on his hind legs is magnificent. Without ever caricaturing the role, he makes it tremendously amusing as well as sympathetic. I'd call it his best film performance. The drunk scene is terrific. The romantic moments are genuinely touching. And the big climax, thanks to his quiet sincerity, comes off with a bang.

Miss De Havilland is lovely and appealing as the wife. Jack Carson turns in a splendid burlesque of the ex-football star with very little above the neck. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson play a subsidiary juvenile romance effectively, and Eugene Pallette explodes amusingly all over the place as a college trustee who cares more about a football stadium than studies. *The Male Animal* is a stunning translation of play to film. It's a knockout screen comedy.

★ ★ ★ I MARRIED AN ANGEL (for spectacle and the stars)

The Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy fans are certain to be delighted with this new show of theirs. The stars sing a wide variety of songs. They engage in a series of fanciful and spectacular situations. On any quantity basis, this musical is quite a show. On the other hand, it's apt to strike you as a clumsy adaptation of a stage success and even a rather confusing entertainment.

It confused me on more than one occasion. Based on the Richard Rodgers-Lorenz Hart musical comedy which had a lusty run in New York two or three seasons ago, the film is set in prewar Budapest. A titled

banker is the hero. Something of a gay blade, he determines to marry, but he can't choose between all his ladyloves. At a resplendent costume ball he meets a demure little secretary from his bank who is made fun of by the girls at the party for having come dressed as an angel. In a dream, though, the count realizes that the secretary is the one he should marry.

Now, this sort of fantasy is always a bit confusing. When it has no more definition than this one, it is downright baffling. Major W. S. Van Dyke II has staged his scenes handsomely and with considerable imagination in spots, but he hasn't made the dream come through as a dream. And he hasn't linked it properly with the straight romance. As a musical it begs comparison with the original stage offering.

Miss MacDonald and Eddy are not favorites of mine, but they work overtime here to put over a song-and-dance spectacle. Since the original music is as graceful and catchy as ever, that makes for a lot of entertainment. Binnie Barnes, Edward Everett Horton, Reginald Owen, and Mona Maris add bits of amusing characterization. As I have already stated, the MacDonald-Eddy fans will like the movie.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★★—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner.

★★★—The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Best Hat, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Rager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal.

QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinqueta, our question tester, says to score yourself as follows:

- 0-5 Won't do
- 6-10 Might do
- 11-15 Can do
- 16-20 Done!

1—The oldest U. S. senator recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. Who is he?

2—Is there a luminous metal?

3—Where was Leonardo da Vinci born?
4—In a twenty-four-hour day, starting at midnight, how many times do the hands of a clock form a straight line?

5—If it "isn't worth a rap" it must be pretty bad. Is a rap something you get across the knuckles, or what?
6—The son of the broccoli king recently married a million-dollar heiress. What are their names?

7—The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have how many grandchildren?

8—Name the three largest oceans in order of size.

9—"Curtain lectures" were delivered by whom to whom and where and when?

10—What was the former name of the U. S. S. Lafayette?

11—Two playful carnivorous mammals recently arrived in New York from China, sent as gifts from Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. By what other name are they known?
12—What is the original meaning of the term, "to the bitter end"?

13—What official of our armed forces is known now as the "Cominch" and why?

14—What is the capital of Australia?

15—Alabama, Kentucky, Nebraska, and North Carolina all have the same state flower. What is it?

16—What peculiarity is found in this sentence: "No difficulty is so hazardous, or costly, if this is our aim, that finally mankind may stand up and shout 'No'?"

17—In olden days, when a sailor said his ship was "clearing out for Guam," what was his destination?

18—Who was called the "Financier of the American Revolution"?

19—New York is sometimes called "Gotham." Where was the original Gotham and why was it famous?

20—The largest living bird cannot fly. What is it?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ MY husband is in a C. A. (A. A.) outfit and I've received official word that he's overseas. What are the dependent wives of such men supposed to do to exist? I haven't had a check in more than two months, and because of a bad heart I can't work in an aircraft factory or take any other job, as I'd be glad to do if I could pass the physical exam. I'm very proud that my husband is "over there," but something has got to be done for the wife he left behind.

Mrs. J. L. B., Hollywood, Calif.

You're just the sort of person the new civilian A. E. F.—the Army Emergency Fund—is designed to help. It isn't charity—the A. E. F. "aims to give the loved ones of Army personnel direct and immediate aid at the very moment it is needed most—in emergencies which normal financial resources cannot hope to cover or where government help must be withheld until necessary legal requirements are met." American civilians in every walk of life can now join their own A. E. F. by sending their contributions to the Army Emergency Fund, Inc., Washington, D. C. The commander in chief of the first A. E. F., General John J. Pershing, is honorary president of the new A. E. F. Your Old Sarge heartily recommends this as a full-hearted expression of practical good will from civilians to the soldiers.

Just to tell the people back home that their soldiers in Surinam (Dutch Guiana), South America, are a hard-working outfit, doing their part to make the United States a safer place to live in. Do we rate the space on your page to let them know we exist? Pvt. J. J. L., American Base Forces, A. P. O. 803-A.

You bet you do, soldier, along with the other overseas outfits at Iceland, Midway, the Philippines, and way stations, whose letters have already appeared here. Come one, come all . . . as long as the space holds out. And Ireland is still to be heard from.

There must be many people like me who would like to know how and why our warships are named. Is there some

system, or are the names drawn out of a hat, or what?

J. T. L., St. Paul, Minn.

There is a system: battleships are named for states, cruisers after cities, aircraft carriers after battle sites or famous old vessels, destroyers after naval heroes, submarines after fish, and the many smaller ships each according to its class and the nomenclature specified—too many to enumerate here.

Some time ago Walter Winchell said, "No blade is too dull to cut Hitler's throat," the idea being to save old razor blades for the manufacture of tanks. There are probably more blades discarded in Army shower rooms than anywhere else. If you would spread the word through Liberty, there could be a receptacle, with a picture of Hitler, Mussolini, or Hirohito pasted on it, in every shower room in the armed forces, and the boys would derive no end of pleasure by inserting the used blades through a slot in each throat.

Sgt. G. L. V., Camp Bowie, Tex.

A swell idea, except that I'm told on good authority that razor blades are among the few steel products not worth saving . . . they're too small and too light to make collection and salvaging profitable. The situation may change, but that's the way I get it now.

The civilian population is urged to help maintain morale by writing to its men in uniform. It's little enough to do, and I know of many people who would be only too glad to "adopt" a soldier and not only write him but also send him boxes. However, they don't know where or to whom to write. Is there any government official entrusted with this matter?

M. C., Troy, N. Y.

None that I know of . . . and what a job he would have if there were one! This gives me an opportunity to explain to the thousands of feminine readers of this page who have asked me to put them in touch with soldier correspondents that I simply can't oblige, not from unwillingness, but for lack of means, equipment, and time. I'd have to set up a whole organization to do the job properly . . . and that's more than this Old Sarge can take on. Sorry.

Is there anything in this rumor that we Regulars can re-enlist if we so desire? My time will be up in a

few days, and I'd prefer to "re-up" rather than be held for the duration.

J. F. M., Camp Lockett, Calif.

Expiration of term of service is no longer reason for discharge, so you're in for the war. Incidentally, there's a bill in Congress to grant Army re-enlistment allowances, as the Navy now does. If it should be passed, and you re-enlist after the war, you'll receive the allowance for your previous enlistment and extensions.

My boy is doing all right in the Army, but one thing puzzles me. A few days after each payday he writes home for money to tide him over to his next payday. He says he is being taught to "shoot craps" and the lessons are expensive. I know he must mean "shoot Japs"; but since he is already a sharpshooter, I can't see why the Army insists on his learning some newfangled exercise, especially at his own expense. How about it?

F. W. K., Takoma Park, Md.

How about *what*, pop? You're not kidding me—that was an old gag in 1917. But the 1942 version is still good enough to give me a laugh—and there may be a lot of people who'll laugh with us.



"We're looking for a Japanese maple."

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES NO EVIL—Continued from Page 11

School, at which she continued to teach by commuting to New York from the White House. She boosted the little Val-Kill Furniture Factory at Hyde Park by frequent mention in her column. By personal visits, articles, speeches, and pressure on officials at Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt backed the subsistence homestead project for stranded miners at Arthurdale, West Virginia. She defended it against public criticism and before Congressional committees, and she has continued loyal to it through many failures down to the present moment. Although it has not become a self-sustaining enterprise, as had been hoped, Mrs. Roosevelt, unshaken, explains that that industry loses much money on experiments and research but gains knowledge which is worth the price. So it should be, says Mrs. Roosevelt, with experiments in new methods of living.

From such specific projects Mrs. Roosevelt began to spread more into support of broad movements. She was one of the first to take an interest in the Okies of California, long before *Grapes of Wrath* was published. She visited the miserable Okie camps and called the attention of the nation to them. That is where she first met Melvyn Douglas, then a member of the California Relief Commission.

Mrs. Roosevelt did the same kind of work in behalf of Negro share croppers who were evicted by landlords

wishing to avoid sharing AAA benefit payments with them. Out of that experience grew her great interest in Negro problems.

Her mother instinct led her to listen sympathetically to the problems of youth. Mrs. Roosevelt was largely responsible for creating the National Youth Administration. She has had a long series of embarrassing experiences with the American Youth Congress, which has been at times under fire by Congress. Through that activity she became the special champion of Joseph Lash. She had defended him on the platform, in her daily column, and when he was called before the Dies Committee, she sat in the front row, knitting and watching over her protégé. Recently she attempted to get him a commission as an intelligence officer in the navy—one of the few times she has failed to move the government her way.

Mrs. Roosevelt has given the shelter of the White House to the leaders of these and other movements. She opened her summer home at Campobello Island for a seminar of youth leaders. She invites them to tea, to discussion dinners, and sometimes to remain as house guests. When they seem to be wandering too far off in their views, Mrs. Roosevelt argues with them. Often they have argued back, as on one night when her son Franklin said they didn't seem to have very good manners. Mrs. Roosevelt

excused them by saying they had not had the opportunities he had. Always she remains loyal and tolerant.

When the Office of Civilian Defense was created, Mrs. Roosevelt soon discovered that Mayor LaGuardia was primarily concerned with air-raid protection. She quickly moved in to use this organization as a vehicle for advancing the general welfare and causes that interested her. She encouraged a youth division, established a racial relations division and an arts division. One morning Mrs. Roosevelt announced that the employees would all gather at lunchtime and dance the Virginia reel. They did. Mrs. Roosevelt thought it would promote a friendly spirit and do them all physical good. She brought in her young dancer friend to promote physical fitness among children.

And Mrs. Roosevelt must have been a most surprised person when she discovered that many people thought that was a waste of time and effort. The outcry grew so bitter that Mrs. Roosevelt was driven back, step by step, to the White House. Finally she resigned. But it is doubtful if she changed her mind. In fact, she said she intended to go right on fighting. So, back at her original base of operations, she will continue to be heard from as before.

You ask, "Why doesn't President Roosevelt do something about it?" Well, he isn't nearly as much of a dictator as some people think.

THE END

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT "String Along"

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Once they taste that silky drink- They come back in a hurry.

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WALTER WINCHELL

—AMERICAN PHENOMENON



BLUE NETWORK PHOTO

Walter Winchell at the mike. "He broadcasts with his hat on his head, his collar opened and tie pulled away."

BY FRED ALLHOFF

**He climbed a gossip column
to fame . . . A close-up of a
stranger-than-fiction career**

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

★ BECAUSE he is successful and a legendary figure on the contemporary scene, Walter Winchell long has been in the position of a man who gets hell if he does and hell if he doesn't. He used to wear his shoes so long they began to look like spats. He found old shoes comfortable. So the legend spread that he was too tight to buy a new pair of shoes. Today he wears comfortable low-cut slippers with a single leather strap.

He has little interest in clothes—so long as they are blue or gray and of conservative cut—so well-dressed enemies finger their ten-dollar Ascots in scorn at sight of him.

There is nothing of the phony about Winchell. He has a simple directness that is as objective as a weather report. He interlards his conversation with good short Anglo-Saxonisms. His handshake is good and he calls you by your first name immediately after meeting you. He'll answer anything you ask him about himself—or, rarely, tell you bluntly, "I won't answer that."

A biographer once asked Winchell about his earnings. Winchell answered all the questions. Later he learned that the biographer was going about telling friends:

"Winchell likes to talk about the money he makes."

Actually Winchell is neither tight nor money-mad. He likes to get a hundred pennies for his dollar, but when he says he likes his work so well

he'd go on doing it for nothing, he's probably leveling.

When Wall Street fell on its face, he lost nothing. In fact he staked men who, six months before the crash, had been wealthier than he.

Because he hasn't the drive for money for its own sake, he is a poor gambler. When he couldn't afford it so well, he used to participate in some of Broadway's floating crap games. One night he made seven passes and rolled his point five times. A gambler who was riding Winchell's streak with side bets said, "Two more passes and we'd have owned the joint." The gambler came out with several thousand dollars. Winchell was a couple of hundred ahead.

The story that Winchell is tight probably grows out of the fact that he is not a sucker. Once a phony begged him for a loan of a couple of thousand to get him to a sanatorium out West. Winchell wired the guy:

"What do you want me to do: pay



INT. NEWS PHOTO

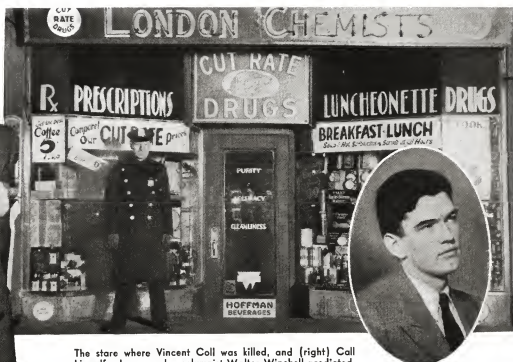
Winchell in a hurry, as he usually is. This time, as it happened, he was hurrying from the White House.

your railroad fare, your hospital bill, and your gambling debts?"

Yet when he heard that one of his old friends whom he had not seen in months needed an operation, he showed up at the friend's apartment, tossed some bills on his bed. "Thought you might need a grand to see you through this," he said.

Winchell figures he has \$17,500 in unpaid debts outstanding. He doesn't mind losing the money—which he can afford. He's getting a little tired of seeing friends whose company he once enjoyed duck to the other side of the street when they see him approaching.

On two occasions he acted as peacemaker when another columnist was threatened with beatings from newspapermen. "Not that I cared a cuss about this guy," he explains. "I just



The store where Vincent Coll was killed, and (right) Coll himself, whose murder columnist Walter Winchell predicted.

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

figured it didn't look so good for newspapermen to be fighting each other. So what happened? The guy I saved from two beatings put an item in his column saying, 'That Sunday-night blabber was wrong again on two of his items.'"

If Winchell is constantly suspicious of people, it is because he has learned he would be rapped hard should he offend them. Once he had an appointment with an acquaintance after his late broadcast. He was tired, forgot that the friend was waiting, and went home. At four in the morning—which is before his usual time for retiring—he was tossing around in bed, trying to sleep, when he remembered the appointment. He got out of bed to send a wire of apology.

To the accusation that Winchell likes to talk about himself, Winchell must plead guilty. It's on the record—in the form of hundreds of early-morning Kaffee-klatsches at Lindy's. Yet he hasn't a swelled head. He's lived through and chronicled a colorful era of Broadway. He's still the same "cops and robbers" reporter of cub days. And he likes to talk shop, draw upon a fine memory to spin yarns in which he had firsthand contact. Since these yarns include him, he includes himself in them.

He's a marvelous raconteur. He'll stop in the middle of the street to act a story out. And he can be more scathing about himself than his bitterest critic. The difference is that he tells the story as it appears to him—humorously; his critics dip their pens in vitriol, distilled of dislike for him, before telling the same story.

The murder of Vincent Coll is a case in point. Coll was a kill-crazy Irish racketeer who was literally strewing the sidewalks of Manhattan with corpses, to the chagrin of the police and sanitation departments. One night Texas Guinan told Winchell:

"Mob of tough guys just blew in from Chicago. If Vincent Coll lives another twenty-four hours, I'll eat my hat. My God, don't ever say I told you."

Winchell thought little of this bit of crystal-gazing. He did not even include the item in his column that morning until, reading it over, he decided it needed something to spice it up. So he wrote:

"Five planes brought dozens of machine guns from Chicago Friday to combat the Town's Capone. . . . Local banditti have made one hotel a virtual arsenal and several hot spots are ditto because Master Coll is giving them the headache."

A few hours after Winchell's paper (he had switched to the New York Daily Mirror) hit the streets, the visiting gunmen caught up with Mr. Coll in a phone booth. And that was that—and Winchell had chronicled the murder before it happened.

His first jwls of his scoop came when, while idling about the Mirror's city room, he heard some one yell excitedly, "Coll's been clipped!"

"I turned green," he says. "I was sick to my stomach. I learned later that Coll had a list of names in his pocket when he was shot—names of people he intended to murder. Mine was on it."

That night he learned he was to be called before a grand jury. He still had the layman's terror of anything so legal-sounding. He didn't sleep all night. Next day he voluntarily surrendered himself. He refused to say where he got the tip on the Coll murder. But he lost some of his illusions about the austere processes of justice when two assistant district attorneys pleaded with him to let the newspapers take his picture (with a D. A. on either side of him beaming into the cameras) and when the grand jurors asked him for autographs, for smoke-

house stories, for passes to theaters. Winchell never seems to get enough sleep. He complains constantly about it. Once he complained to Mark Hellinger.

"You get plenty," Hellinger replied. "Edison only slept four hours a night."

"Yes, but I've got things to do," Winchell retorted.

Another time, a friend of his contracted a swift dose of double pneumonia. Winchell, in Florida at the time, promptly long-distanced his friend in New York.

"Ernie!" he cried. "What's this I hear about your having pneumonia?"

The solicitous question caught Winchell's friend propped up in bed, fighting for breath. One nurse held the telephone to his face. Another was wheeling an oxygen tent into the sickroom.

"That's right, Walter," he gasped. "I had a rotten night."

"I didn't sleep so well myself," said Winchell.

But the story Winchell tells best concerns the time he was living at a midtown hotel. Mrs. Winchell had gone to California for a visit, and he invited an old newspaper friend, Robin Harris, to come bunk with him. One morning, when the sparrows were twittering in Central Park, he arrived home dog-tired. Determined not to have his restless slumbers intruded upon, he left strict orders at the desk:

"No phone calls, no telegrams, no nothing—unless it's a serious personal emergency."

He tumbled into bed and for once went promptly to sleep. He had been asleep three minutes when there was a terrific banging on his door. Muttering sleepily, he opened it, was handed a telephone. And suddenly he was wide awake.

"Curly!" he called to Mr. Harris. "Curly! Something awful's happened! It must be mom! Something's happened to mother!"

Harris noticed that Winchell was holding the telegram at arm's length in a shaking hand—that it was unopened.

"Why don't you open it and read it?" he said.

Winchell, pasty-faced, finally summoned the courage. The wire read:

"Be sure to attend our opening at the Paradise tonight."

It was signed: "The Yacht Club Boys."

★ **WALTER WINCHELL** is a guy who has gone through life playing things by ear. And he has very good ears.

His more learned contemporary columnists pose deeply philosophical sixty-four-dollar questions and string ten-dollar words into lengthy phrases. They read books and things, travel to Europe—even in wartime, some of them—to broaden their vision, and compose columns that are technically perfect and on the symphonic side.

Winchell does popular songs. He two-fingers them out of his typewriter with a tap dancer's speed. He doesn't clutter up his mind with books and

he's never been to Europe. An earthy gent, he figures shrewdly that what he hears and likes, some one else will like. More people listen to popular songs than to symphonies, so he has a tremendous audience.

His complete absorption in what he is doing often produces some weird results. Years ago, before Lindbergh's marriage and after he had flown the Atlantic, Winchell met two friends, Sidney Skolsky and Irving Hoffman. Skolsky then was a press agent for Earl Carroll, girl-show producer.

"Walter," Skolsky said, "I've got a tip for you. Lindbergh's been going with one of the girls from the show. Now, I can't very well tell you her name, but there's a party downtown. The girl's there. So's Lindbergh."

"Where?" asked Winchell.

Skolsky told him, Winchell grabbed his hat. "Come on," he said.

★ **THE** three rode to the address in Greenwich Village. Winchell dashed out of the cab without a word to his companions, ran into the place. Fifteen minutes later he came out. As they rode uptown, no one said anything. Winchell hesitantly broke the silence.

"Boys," he said, "I've just got the greatest story in the world. I'll let you in on it, but you've got to swear you won't breathe a word of it to any one."

Skolsky and Hoffman, themselves excited by now, gave solemn assurances of secrecy.

"I know who the gal is that Lindbergh's going with," said Winchell. "I can't tell you her name yet."

Skolsky and Hoffman burst into roars of laughter. "You big dope!" Skolsky said. "We just gave you the story!" Winchell had completely forgotten that fact in his excitement.

He is careful to credit his sources today. Telling of some new coined word he likes, he'll add, "It isn't mine. One of my readers sent it in."

Gray-haired at forty-five, Winchell, who is known along Broadway as "the Brain" or "the King," smokes sparingly, drinks less, eats lightly, has never been sick, and gets most of his exercise from dashing about, table to table, in the Stork Club or Lindy's, in quest of the latest news. Except for his work, he says he has no ambitions, although he hopes in the misty future to write a book that will capsule the period through which he has lived and explain away some of the bum raps he has taken. Meanwhile, even his stay-up-late cronies wonder what holds the man together. His energy is boundless, his late hours a nightmare. He's busy as a well wound clock.

After his Coll scoop, Winchell went to police headquarters for a gun permit. For many years he packed two revolvers, one a big-barreled .38. After the two Hauptmann sympathizers tagged him a few years ago, he took to carrying the guns again. In addition, the New York Police Department assigned two detectives to him as bodyguards. Both were veterans.

He went to Police Commissioner



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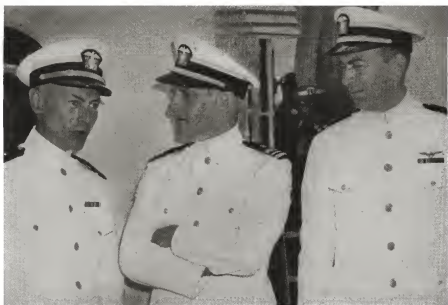
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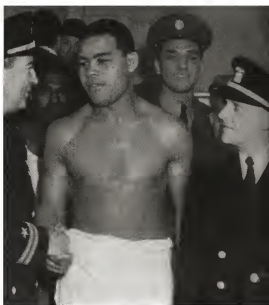
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.....



INT. NEWS PHOTO

Lieutenant Commander Winchell chats with brother officers aboard the U.S.S. West Point.



ACME PHOTO

At the Gorden, Winchell (right) stands by Joe Louis.

Lewis Valentine. "Look," he said. "I appreciate what you're doing for me, but I hate to take up the time of two valuable men. Couldn't you give me some husky young rookie detective?"

Valentine did. He assigned a strapping young detective who had just been graduated from pounding a beat. The young detective started out to make the rounds with Winchell. He was entranced. They went to night club after night club. He met pretty girls, famous actresses, debutantes, millionaires. Winchell told him:

"Order anything you want at any of these places."

The detective, who had an appetite to match his physique, ordered a chopped sirloin sandwich at their first port of call. At the second he branched out, ordering a huge top sirloin steak. At the Stork Club, a few hours later, he experimented with breast of pheasant under glass at five dollars a throw. He couldn't get over the fact that he was being paid for all this. He sat up till dawn, listening to Broadway's most interesting shop talk told by its most skillfully talkative raconteurs.

Night after night he did this. In two weeks, his broad shoulders sagging, he said to the slightly built Winchell, "Walter, I just can't stand it. I'm a nervous wreck. I need fresh air. Won't you see if you can't get me transferred back to pounding a beat?"

★ THE New York police were no more solicitous for Winchell's welfare than were the boys of Charles "Lucky" Luciano's organization. After Winchell had been one-twoed by Nazis, Charles Lucky came to him.

"You don't think any of our boys did it, do you, Walter?"

"Of course not," said Winchell. "Why should they?"

"I don't think it was any other mob, either," Charles Lucky said. (Winchell did not know at the time who his assailants were.) "If you find out who they were, let me know, Walter, and the boys will even things up for you."

"Thanks, but it's all right," Winchell said. "Don't bother."

"Do you know that you've been trailed for three days?"

"No. If I'd known it, I'd have shot whoever was following me."

"That's what we've been worried about. We don't want Pete to get shot. Thought we'd better tell you. Just let him tag along with you. He'll see that nothing else happens."

Thus did Winchell come by his most devoted bodyguard, a big genial hulk of a man named Pete Boretti. The boys along Broadway took an instant liking to Pete—as did Winchell, who promptly dubbed him Pierre Boretti and wrote items about Pete that began: "Professor Pierre Boretti of Harvard says . . ." Or: "Monsieur Pierre Boretti, distinguished scientist . . ."

Mr. Boretti, before becoming Winchell's bodyguard, had circulated in important financial circles. In Broadway hotel rooms, groups of busy men gathered to enact intricate money transactions. These transactions were

of a nature that required the utmost concentration upon a pair of little white objects that were rolled upon a table. Mr. Boretti saw to it that the serious study of these gentlemen was not disturbed.

When Winchell went to Hollywood to make his pictures, Pierre accompanied him. Winchell seldom goes to parties; they bore him. Some one told him:

"Walter, I know you don't like Hollywood parties, but there's one at Darryl Zanuck's home tonight. I think you should put in an appearance."

"O. K.," said Winchell.

★ HE and Pete arrived late, took chairs just inside the entrance. Speeches were going on. Winchell listened politely. Pete yawned. Time passed. A speech ended, to applause. Zanuck looked over in their direction.

"I see," he announced, "we are privileged to have with us tonight one of the East's most representative citizens." (Winchell began clearing his throat.) "... Broadway's most famous character." (Winchell straightened his tie, dived mentally for a bright quip.) "... A man who has done a great deal for America. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you" (Winchell half rose from his chair) "Mr. Pierre Boretti!"

Winchell gulped, sat down, jerked at Pierre's trouser leg. "Pete, you lug, that's you. Get up. Say something."

Pete lumbered to his feet. "Ladies and gents," he said, "I think this is an awful waste of time. Why don't we get a crap game started? Thank you."

To a tremendous burst of applause, Mr. Pierre Boretti sat down. There were no more speeches that night. The guests shot crap.

★ ABOUT four one morning, Pete and Winchell were walking to the Brown Derby for a supper snack. There had been a lot of stick-ups in the vicinity. Two cops in a prow car pulled up at the curb, jumped



"It's the preacher, Mom. Do you suppose he heard you trying to get into your girdle last night?"

growled, "I thought we ran you out of town!"

In this congenial atmosphere, trailing eight bodyguards, Winchell set off for his hotel. At the theater he was so well guarded that his old friend Damon Runyon couldn't get in to see him.

At his hotel it was even worse. His bodyguards established themselves in rooms adjoining his. The F. B. I. man and the Chicago cops snarled insults at each other. The Chicago cops and the Chicago gangsters bickered constantly.

The Chicago hoodlums would lie, stark naked, on the beds in their rooms reading Moon Mullins and Little Orphan Annie while the cops stood over them gloating over that day in the future when they, the cops, would watch them burn in the electric chair. Unalarmed, the local mobsters would wink, from behind their funny papers, at Winchell. Or one of them would gag:

"Before I die, I'm going to put a bullet in a thickheaded cop named..." And he would brightly name the cop standing beside his bed.

At night Winchell got no sleep at all. There were large and noisy parties tossed in all the rooms around his.

The legend that Walter Winchell is afraid of the underworld is strictly that—a legend. In the days when, with other newspapermen and socialites, he was visiting the night spots run by gangsters, the shady gentry realized that a mention in Winchell's column was enough to keep the cash register tinkling for days. Once he ran a short line in his column after receiving a tip that a new gang had started a crooked numbers game in Manhattan. "Scallions," he wrote, "to the operators of that numbers game which is not on the level."

The results were amazing. People who had been playing the established numbers game—which depended upon a suicidal percentage in favor of its operators but was not actually crooked—stopped playing. A racket that took in fifty thousand dollars in a day dropped down to virtually nothing.



INT. NEWS PHOTO

"He two-fingers his stuff with a tap dancer's speed"—except when a phone call interrupts.



EUROPEAN PHOTO

Walter Winchell (at left), Mrs. Vincent Astor, and sundry others at the All-Star game last January 4.

The boys came around to see Winchell.

"For God's sake, Walter, what have we done? Has any one offended you? Any member of our mob? We'll kill the guy tonight. Just say the word."

Winchell explained that he had not referred to their numbers game but to the one started by the new mob. The new mob was promptly run out of town, and some time later Thomas Dewey did as much for the old mob.

One time, too, a Broadway press agent for a taxi dance hall owned by a tough guy became disgruntled. The press agent, Max by name, came to Winchell and told him how the tough guy overworked the girls in the dance hall.

Then Max went home and worried. Should he have told Winchell? What would his tough-guy boss do to him if Winchell actually ran such an item?

Winchell did run it. "Scallions," he wrote, "to the operator of the Blank taxi dance jernit that overworks its gels."

★ MAX grabbed a train and went out of town. Two weeks in the sticks made him so lonesome for Broadway that he decided to brave death and return. He was walking along Broadway, across from the dance hall, one night when he heard his racketeer boss yell, "Max!"

Like a condemned man, he walked across the street to face it.

"Max, where have you been? How did you do it?"

"Out of town. Do what?"

"Look, Max."

Max looked. Outside the dance hall was Winchell's column, a purple ring about the line: "Scallions to the operator of the Blank dance hall," etc. The whole thing was blown to enormous size for all passers-by to see.

"How did you manage it, Max, you old son-of-a-gun? How did you ever get us in W. Winchell's column?"

Max still wonders what his boss thinks scallions are.

Winchell employs no highly paid

staff to collect news for him. Besides his secretaries, he employs an occasional research aide to help him check spellings of names, dates, etc. He does go around with some spare cash in his pocket and he occasionally stakes some hat-check girl, headwaiter, or other source giving him items. Often items come from other newspapermen who want a story printed but have been cold-shouldered by their city editor. After it appears in Winchell's column, they show it to their editors.

"Nobody," says Winchell, "can give me a wrong tip a second time. Everybody can make mistakes, of course, but I lose confidence in them after one wrong tip."

Today Walter Winchell is more vulnerable to attack than at any time in a hectic existence. For he is Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell now. His gold-braided blue uniform has been an "All together now, boys," signal for those who like to fling harpoons his way. He has been called the "Stork Club Admiral" and has been sneered at for wearing his uniform at the Joe Louis-Buddy Baer benefit for Navy Relief in Madison Square Garden.

In all fairness to the guy, it should be on the record that he wore his uniform under orders that night. And it was he who promoted the match for Navy Relief, raising a chunk of money that will help the families of a lot of men who died at Pearl Harbor. At this writing he's working on a monster all-star benefit at the Garden, to raise more thousands.

Winchell, who has paid \$191,000 in taxes in a single year, is one of the newspapermen that, some years ago, the present administration decided were friendly to its cause. At that time he was one of those who received a lot of exclusive news.

But neither his naval commission nor many of his recent scoops has come about because he is on teacup terms with President Roosevelt.

He came by his commission by ap-

plying—as long ago as 1934—for it. On the day Pearl Harbor was attacked, Winchell was in Florida. He wired the Navy Department immediately, asking for active service.

"I," he explains, "was the guy who was urging other people's sons to join up."

When an answer was slow in coming, he got restless, grabbed a train to Washington, marched into the Navy Department and asked how about it. He was told that he could be of a lot more service interlarding his widely read column and widely listened-to radio broadcast with recruiting appeals than if, at forty-five, he started swabbing decks. He was told to keep right on doing what he was doing.

He insisted upon doing more. "Surely," he said, "you can use me at Third Naval District Headquarters for something. To clean gaboons or pick up paper clips that drop off other people's desks onto the floor."

Now—five days a week—Winchell turns up at 9 A. M. (the middle of the night, for him) at 90 Church Street, where, he says, he is the highest paid office boy in the navy.

He will get up of Sunday afternoon around two o'clock, whip out his Sunday-night broadcast. At nine o'clock he is on the air. He may tell his radio audience that the navy wants donations of small craft. He'll have half a dozen within an hour after signing off—a hundred or so within a week. Or he'll explain Navy Relief—and be flooded with donations of from fifty-one cents (the rebate on some woman's gas bill) to \$500 (the overtime money earned by some lad in a West Coast airplane factory).

He is always nervous before and during a broadcast. He bounces up and down in his armchair, shouts spray and secrets into a microphone fifteen inches away, taps his feet, hunches his shoulders, gestures with his fingers, works his telegraph key, and swallows to loosen his throat as he works the tickers. During the commercials he drinks a cup of water. His sense of timing is excellent.

He broadcasts with his hat on his head, his collar opened and tie pulled away, his high-waisted pants slightly unzipped. Between broadcasts he has a shave at the Stork, a dig for news. He may have a bowl of soup or a glass of fruit juice. He can't eat anything heavier until after his midnight broadcast. He is too tense.

After his Pacific Coast broadcast he is likely to wind up at Lindy's, where he eats and talks. If he isn't sleepy, he stays there until six or seven in the morning, goes home to freshen up, and takes the subway in time to arrive at 90 Church Street by 8:55, having slept not at all. If he leaves Lindy's in time, he bats out his Tuesday column. At Third Naval District Headquarters he works from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. five days a week.

He is meticulous about getting to Third Naval District Headquarters on time. He doesn't want some one to say: "Who does Winchell think he is, coming in late?"

It is the first time in twelve years that he has used the subway. The other day he got on a subway train after dropping the only coin in his pocket—a nickel—into the turnstile box. But in another pocket he had a check for \$5,000—the pay for a Sunday-night broadcast, which he was taking in to donate to Navy Relief.

Twice, to date, he has donated his



Lindy's, where Walter is "likely to wind up."

Sunday-night broadcasting proceeds to Navy Relief. Pay for other nights has been donated to other charities.

For this he catches hell, too. People say, "Why shouldn't he give it away? The government would grab it in taxes anyway."

True, perhaps. But Winchell could also spend his Sunday nights sleeping, instead of bouncing nervously up and down before a microphone.

He offered the navy his entire broadcasting income for this year—more than a quarter of a million. The offer was rejected with thanks. He

took a naval-training tour of duty in lieu of a vacation. Unless Broadway gets salt-water-minded, Winchell eventually is going to become something of a bore. He talks navy, navy, navy. If his enthusiasm is an act, then the man can make even more money as an actor than he has as a radio and journalistic phenomenon.

He is terrified these days lest he do something to cause him to lose his commission, or to bring disgrace upon the navy. He pulls his punches in his column. He passes things up that he would have printed in the old days.

Winchell knew of Churchill's visit to Washington long before it was announced. I know that to be true, because he told me two days before it was printed. Nor did his friendship with the New Deal or his work with the navy have anything to do with his obtaining the information. It came to him through one of his varied and unexpected sources—a society woman in Washington.

Winchell didn't spring it.

Broadway, where he relaxes, has become a dangerous stamping ground these days. One Monday morning, in Lindy's, he said to me: "Can you see the spot I'm in? Some drunk comes up to me in a night club and says, 'You're the so-and-so that got us into this war'—and he lets me have it! What do I do? I know a young navy lieutenant who was broke because he got into a brawl in a night club."

I left—and an hour and a half later somebody comes into Lindy's and there's some rough heckling in the vicinity of Winchell's table and somebody cracks about penthouse admirals and it goes on and on, until a few days later the papers carry a headline that a man "Charges Winchell Hit Him with Bottle."

★ THERE can be a couple of sides to anything. Winchell may be the world's worst influence on American journalism, as his critics claim. The future will come through with the low-down on that. But he lived through a lively era—and he put it down pretty much as it happened.

And maybe he's a swivel-chair admirer too. But he's sailing around under enough steam these days to blow the tops off any other six men—and raising a lot of shekels for a cause none of us is going to argue about.

Even in the past—when he printed absolute untruths—he didn't always do so bad. For instance:

It seems—years ago—Winchell printed a line saying a guy and a girl were that way and were going around together something fierce.

They'd never heard of each other until they read it in his column. So the guy figures, as a gag, he'll send the girl some flowers.

She gets the spirit of the gag and phones him up fast and thanks him.

And he says how about dinner?

And she says yes, yes.

And they wind up getting married and, so help me, have been living happily ever since.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

- 1—Carter Glass.
- 2—Yes; radium.
- 3—In Vinci, not far from Florence.
- 4—Twenty-four—once an hour.
- 5—It was a counterfeit halfpenny circulated in Ireland early in the eighteenth century.
- 6—Pasquale di Cicco and the former Gloria Vanderbilt.
- 7—Twelve grandchildren so far.
- 8—Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian.
- 9—When beds sported curtains, these were the lectures hubby got from his wife—while he was trying to get to sleep.
- 10—The Normandie.
- 11—They are known as pandas—the pair now at the Bronx Zoo in New York.
- 12—Actually, it should be the "better end"—which was that part of the cable attached to a ship. In a gale the cable was let out to the "better end."
- 13—The chief admiral of the navy. The word derives from commander in chief.
- 14—Canberra.
- 15—The goldenrod.
- 16—No "e" is used.
- 17—No particular port. Sailing ships, after bringing gold rushers to the States, would "burn" from port to port, picking up freight. Having to list some destination, they would put down Guam.
- 18—Robert Morris, whose money paid many of the bills of the Revolution.
- 19—In England; its inhabitants were said to do incredible things—such as building a wall around the cuckoo to perpetuate spring, or trying to rake the moonlight out of a pond.
- 20—The ostrich.

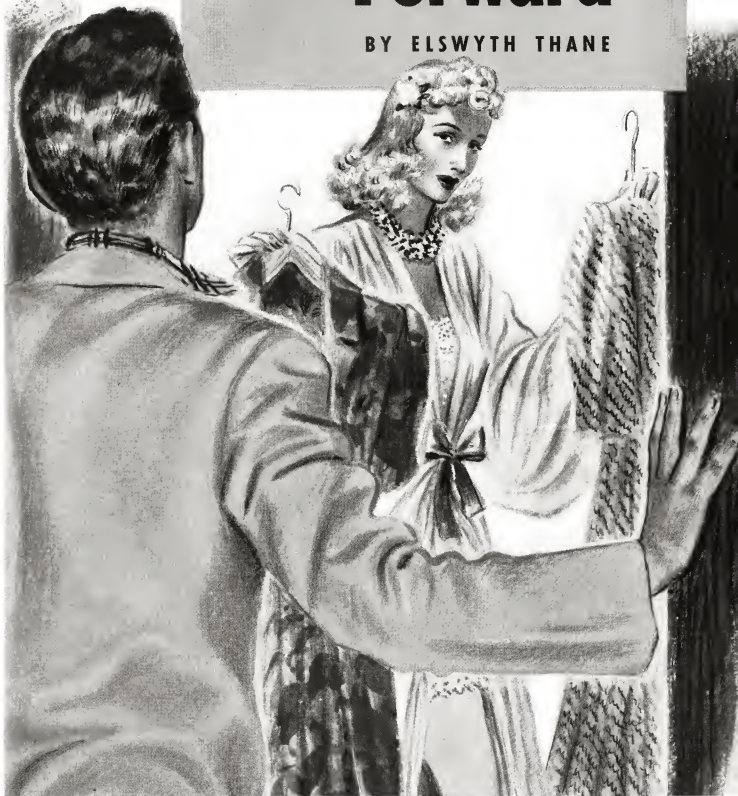
Juanita turned at the sound.
Her eyes were frank, as though
it was not the first time he
had walked into her bedroom.

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWIN GEORGI

FROM THIS DAY

Forward

BY ELSWYTH THANE



She wanted him—and won. But disenchantment comes swiftly when a woman pursues a man

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART NINE—A TRAP AT THE HACIENDA

★ ELIZABETH sat looking at Stanley across the table while the dance music drummed in her ears. His eyes, as he looked back at her, were puzzled and affectionate.

"Well, maybe I shouldn't have told you about it," he was saying, "but I can't help wanting to get to the bottom of this. It wasn't just curiosity. I—had to know how you felt." He waited. "I always have cherished a secret vein to break his neck. If you go on looking like that, I shall go and do it! Liz, my angels, where does it hurt?"

"I, —my fault, not Rodney's," she said automatically. "I'm not much good to him. But what did Juanita say in her letter?"

"First that she had taken a house there, and expected Rodney to join her in June."

"Yes—what else?"

"Then she said, 'Whether he gets the birds or not is of course immaterial and very much beside the point!'"

"Yes—I see. What else?"

"Then there were three words underlined: 'Now's your chance!'" He waited, with a rueful smile. She was silent, staring bleakly at the dance floor. "I'm sorry, Liz, I had no idea it would hit you as hard as this. I thought—"

Her eyes came back to him slowly. "Well, what did you think?"

"Good riddance!" he suggested. "After all, it wasn't the kind of marriage that could be expected to last, was it?"

"No," she said passively, without resentment. "It couldn't last, of course. I loved him, that's all."

"Why, Liz—my poor dear—"

"Poor Liz, yes. But poor Rodney too. I had my limitations, but at least I had a sense of common decency. Rodney's going to come to, you know—some time. And when he does, he'll find that he's been smeared, and he won't like that."

"And then poor Juanita—we hope!"

"Yes; then she'll get what's coming to her—if there is any justice!"

"It's high time," he said. "That girl's got quite a record."

"How do you mean?"

"Some very odd things have happened on her trips."

"Odd? You mean scandals?"

"Oh, yes—but odder than that. She turns up minus a porter—or she doesn't turn up at all where she is due, but some other place entirely—always with a watertight explanation, of course. Native servants—who have worked for her won't hire on again."

"But—what are you driving at?"

"There are ugly stories, Liz, none of them substantiated, most of them hard to prove. She is supposed to be ut-

terly unscrupulous, utterly selfish and hard. She'll use anybody, but squeeze them dry and throw them away. Nothing stops her from getting what she wants—not even a life."

"But surely if these things are known—"

"They aren't known generally, and they aren't going to be, if I can prevent it. I publish her books and—"

"Well, w—why do you go on publishing them?"

"They sell!" He shrugged. "Put her picture on a book, looking frail and courageous with a rifle in her hand and a wild animal or a black man beside her, and it sells!"

"Do you think Rodney knows about—about the ugly stories?"

"If he doesn't, I wouldn't care to warn him!"

"No," she said thoughtfully. "You're right about that. Nobody could tell him—"

"Not without being knocked down, I should think."

"And if I tried he'd say I'd been listening to malicious gossip."

"Well, nothing much can happen this time," Stanley consoled her. "This house of hers seems to be somewhere near Taxco, and that's bang on the tourist route now. He'll be safe enough, even if—"

"I could have borne losing him to somebody worth while," she said. "But to have her write letters to people bragging about it—"

"Nita has no delicacy about such things," he grinned. "You ought to see—that we've had to cut out of her manuscripts!"

Elizabeth stared at him in horror. "Will she write about Rodney?"

"Probably. Leave that to me. I'll squash it. Liz, I'm sorry in a way that I worried you with this. I hoped you'd think it was funny. Are you going to divorce him?"

"What else can I do? This summer, after the show closes," Her shoulders sagged and she tried to smile at him. "You said it would be Reno, didn't you—that day in the office?"

"I asked you that day to remember that I didn't!"

"Well, anyway, you were right," she conceded foolishly.

"I hesitate to say this," he began, with something less than his usual assurance. "It may be too soon. On the other hand, it may be of some use to you now. I've been learning a very hard lesson, Liz. I've been learning what it is to be without the sight of you—without the hope of you—for months on end. Forget Rodney Monroe and give me a chance to marry you. I'll be around."

Her eyes filled helplessly under his sympathetic gaze. "That's awfully n—nice of you—"

"I'm not saying it just to be nice. I'm no altruist, Liz. I'm thinking of Stanley. I want you."

She gave him a teary smile. "It

makes me feel kind of good to hear you say so," she said.

★ JUANITA'S air-mail letter, which had missed the Saturday delivery outside New York, reached Rodney on Monday morning.

Dear Rodney—

I hope you will approve when I tell you that I have taken the most divine house, with room for all of us, even the Sturgis man, if you bring him. You, as the Chief, can have a superb east room with a private study leading off it, where you can lock yourself in and work to your heart's content.

We can get riding horses, and dear faithful Manuel is already here and at your service. He says it is a late season all round, and there will be plenty of fledglings.

The Nazis are here, just as I was told they would be, bringing trouble, as they always do. The oil people have suffered the worst from their operations, but apparently they consider that silver is not to be sneezed at, and our mine has had at least one bad strike and a good deal of internal disorder. Everybody is hoping the soldiers won't be sent in, as that will mean shooting, and once that starts down here, anything can happen.

I do so long for you to arrive and see the color and the beauty of it all. Please remember me to your aunt, and give Charles my regards.

As always,

J. D.

Well, was there anything wrong with that? To prove that there wasn't, he handed it over bodily to Charles. Charles read it gravely, said it sounded fine, and laid it down on the desk.

"Sturgis will meet us at Brownsville," said Rodney.

Charles said that was fine.

"Look, Charles. You may as well say it, with the face you've got on! Must you be so down on this trip?"

"It's not the trip, son, it's just—"

"I know! Liz. Well, nothing can save that now, so—"

"Nothing?"

"Nothing I can think of," said Rodney wearily.

"You mean, if you called this trip off now she wouldn't come back?" Charles was gazing at him as though he suspected that Rodney was out of his mind.

"That's what I mean."

"I don't believe it," said Charles flatly.

"All right. Call me a liar!" cried Rodney, his temper flaring as it sometimes did when he was raw inside. "Maybe I pushed her out into the snow! Maybe I don't love her any more! Maybe I prefer blondes!" He put his head in both hands, his elbows on the desk.

Looking pinched and white around the mouth, Charles came and sat down at the corner of the desk and waited till he could speak steadily.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked then.

"You can let me forget her," said Rodney. "If I can. We're through. It

won't work. I've got my life to live and—she's living hers. Now, where's that Pan American folder? It was here yesterday."

★ JUANITA was waiting for them with a car at the Mexico City airport. She was delighted to see them all. She greeted Charles like an old chum with a rowdy smack on the cheek, tiptoed prettily for a subdued peck at Rodney, and at once assumed a fond and daughterly manner toward Sturgis—who had received the briefest possible private résumé of the situation from Charles and was still a little befogged.

Juanita's driving was fast, skillful, and imaginative. In no time at all it had Charles and Sturgis gripping either side of the back seat convulsively, with apprehensive eyes fixed on the road ahead. They zoomed across the Zocalo and into the Avenida 5 de Febrero, and out past the Country Club. By that time the hard daily shower was on, but Juanita drove straight through it, remarking that once they started to climb they would soon be above it, and anyhow she knew every inch of the way. While she drove she chattered to Rodney, who sat beside her relaxed and at his ease and who showed no sign of sharing Charles' mounting desire to snatch the wheel and get his foot on the brake. His brief comments and questions always came aptly, and he seemed to follow her rather rhapsodic narrative with the keenest interest.

At Tlalpam, where the road started its sharp ascent toward the nine-thousand-foot summit, Juanita began to tell Rodney about a mountaintop citadel she wanted to show him, where in the midst of a cornfield you came upon cut stone and masonry, obsidian utensils, carved gods of fertility, and the plumed-serpent motif.

When they reached La Cima, at the top, the sky was blue with ragged dark storm clouds far below them, and it was very cold; and Juanita was apologizing to Rodney for her Spanish which, she was afraid, had Indian terminations because of a nurse she had had when she was little, while Charles and Sturgis were disturbingly aware of the way the back end of the car seemed to whip out over sheer space at the turns.

★ SUDDENLY Cuernavaca lay below, with Popocatepetl mounting guard over it and his sleeping wife. The road was sliding down the mountain now, and Charles and Sturgis braced their feet against the floor of the car and began silently to pray. Their descent in the late light into the lovely valley of Morelos was made at catapulting speed. There were sunny patches of bananas now among the dark foliage of mangoes and coffee bushes, and sometimes a bright field of sugar cane far below. The mountains all round them seemed to be covered with soft green plush, and the distant peaks were snowcapped. "There's the palace," Juanita called cheerily. "And the Borda gardens."

Both lay behind them as she spoke, and she let the car out again on the Taxco road, where rain began to fall, bringing a sudden darkness with it. She said it was a great pity, but after all it was the rainy season, wasn't it, and now they couldn't see Taxco until tomorrow morning. Charles doubted if he would see tomorrow morning anywhere this side of Paradise, but not being able to distinguish anything at all outside the car windows gave him a fatalistic repose. He was dozing inside his coat collar when the car stopped with a jerk and Juanita said here they were, and weren't they all dying for a drink.

Sturgis, who had been a little airsick to begin with, had by now relapsed into a coma, and was with difficulty extricated from the luggage, which seemed to have slid about a bit. The rain was still streaming down. They dodged under a colonnade into a lighted *zaguan*, which gave, through arches, a view of the vast *sala* beyond, bright with a log fire and the sharp precise patterns of Indian rugs and serapes. Manuel, a stringy discouraged-looking Indian with tragic eyes, attached himself to Rodney's bags and started off with them.

"Just follow Manuel, Rodney. He'll see that you have everything you want," said Juanita, the perfect hostess. "You're in the east room with the study. Charles, you and Dr. Sturgis are down this way. I'll show you, myself, and your things will come right along. We'll all take time to wash and change, shall we, and then foregather in front of the fire for cocktails. I'm sure you're all starved—" She led Charles and Sturgis off in the opposite direction to the one in which Manuel had gone with Rodney's bags.

★ "ARE you the eagle *mozo*?" Rodney inquired, overtaking Manuel at the door of his room.

"Sí, señor. I have seen the eagles."

"Can you take me to them?"

"Sí, señor." He put down the bags and turned. His sad eyes ran over Rodney with respect and a kind of appeal. "It is a hard ride," he said.

"We don't mind that, do we?"

"They will not live, señor. Parakeets, now—"

"I know," said Rodney kindly. "We'll go into that."

"Sí, señor," Manuel acquiesced, and departed, closing the door behind him.

Rodney looked round the room with approval. Everything was in the best of taste, in the Spanish style. It was colorful, massive, and visibly clean. Two doors stood open in the wall against which the bed head stood. One led into a tiled bathroom; the other into a small book-lined study. There was a third door, closed, in the opposite wall. It had no key in the lock.

He unpacked a few things, had a shower, and put on a different suit. As he was about to leave the room his eye fell again on the third door, and he stood still, looking at it. Then he crossed the room with his noiseless tread and laid his hand on the knob.

The door opened away from him,

and he stood on the threshold of another bedroom, the twin to his own. Juanita turned from the wardrobe at the sound of the latch, a dress on a hanger in each hand. She was wearing a soft pink house gown. Her eyes were frank and unsurprised, as though it was not the first time he had walked into her bedroom.

"Hullo," she said in her dainty voice. "I was trying to decide which of these to put on." And she held out the two dresses for his inspection, one in each hand.

He leaned against the jamb of the open door, at his ease. Their eyes met in a long look of complete understanding—Juanita on familiar ground; Rodney wrought upon by all the devils in hell, winding up a dull patch. His smile was small and bitter.

"So I fell for it!" he said.

★ HER orderly work had been perfect in all directions. There was no time to be lost if the birds were to be brought in young enough to be reared in captivity according to Sturgis' plans. Rodney was able to set out on the second day following, with Charles, Sturgis, and Manuel, and full camping equipment for several nights in the mountains. They returned after four days with three young birds, one of which died.

It was in half plumage, and Rodney decided to preserve the skin. He borrowed a table from the kitchen, put it in the patio, spread newspapers on it, brought out his shiny tools, and set to work. Charles, who dearly loved to skin birds and seldom got a chance, drew up a chair to watch Rodney enviously at his delicate task.

Rodney made the first deft incision down the breast line, when Juanita came out of the house. She stopped abruptly beside the fountain and stood there, paralyzed with horror and staring at the thing on the table.

"Great heavens, it's a bird!" she cried. "Rodney, there's blood on your hands! How dare you do such a thing in my lovely house!"

"I'm sorry," Juanita. I should have warned you."

"You know I can't bear the sight of blood, and you go and bring a ghastly, filthy, dripping thing like that into my own patio! You've got it all over your beautiful hands in sickening red smears—go and wash your hands!" She turned and fled into the house. A door banged behind her.

"My mistake," said Rodney, placidly returning to work. "I forgot she had a phobia. Lay hold just here with the forceps, will you, Charles—he whiffs some—doesn't he?"

They worked on, their heads together, in an absorbed and companionable silence.

The two remaining birds, still in the pinfeather and gaper stage, soon lost their fear, accepted Sturgis' diet, and appeared willing to thrive. Cages were built to travel them in, according to Sturgis' specifications. Rodney sat up nights with them, fed them on schedule, supervised their daily ex-

ercise, behaved generally like a broody hen. Quite suddenly one evening, after a consultation with Sturgis, he gave the order to pack up.

Juanita heard him with incredulity, reminding him that he hadn't been down to see her hacienda yet. And why had he come to Mexico if not to see her hacienda?

"I came for the eagles," he reminded her.

Without any further warning Juanita lost her temper. She stood there, erect and slender in the bright precise room, the firelight making a nimbus of her hair, and in a voice which never once lost its musical quality gave him such a tongue-lashing as not one of those three pampered males had ever dreamed of. The general gist of it was that he was an inconsiderate, selfish, egotistical brute who had batted on her innocent hospitality and then callously refused to do the one little thing she asked of him in return—which was to make with her the pilgrimage to her childhood home in order that she might take pictures of him in its famous garden.

☆ JUST as Charles was beginning to feel he couldn't bear another second of it without crawling out of the room on his hands and knees under the furniture, Rodney said a few quiet words which produced an instantaneous silence.

"How long will it take?" he asked her.

She stood there, looking like an angry angel. "One day down, a couple of days there, one day back."

"Four days," he said, with none of his usual graciousness. "Can we start tomorrow morning?"

Suddenly she was angry no longer. Her delightful smile broke, showing teeth white as a little cat's.

"Oh, Rodney, you wretch, you were only teasing all the time, and I thought you meant it!" she cried fondly. "We'll start *mañana*—at the crack of dawn! After all, what's a few more days, Rodney?" Her wide blue gaze embraced them all, one by one, in disarming confidence. "Charles and Sturgis will watch your precious baby birds night and day, won't you, Charles darling? And you won't grudge Rodney and me this little holiday all to ourselves, will you, after he's worked so hard!" And she went away to give her orders to the servants.

Rodney found two pairs of questioning eyes upon him.

"Well," he said, "my reputation is now in your hands! Like the birds."

"Look, son. I don't know that I altogether subscribe to this—" Charles began cautiously.

"I'm sorry you're not invited," said Rodney, with an old perversity and gleam which Charles knew only too well. "But, after all, we do owe her something for her hospitality, don't we?"

Charles stood up. "Are you regular on the loose?" he demanded, and Rodney threw up a defensive elbow, be-

hind which his eyes were dark and dangerous.

"I'm stuck with it, that's all," he said ungallantly. "You have things ready to pull out of here early on Thursday morning."

Juanita had got her way, but at the price of Rodney's utter disenchantment. He felt smeared. She had shown him up before Charles and Sturgis, as well as betraying herself, for until now the decencies had been preserved. Now there could be no doubt left in anybody's mind as to how things stood between them. She had made him angry. Worse, she had embarrassed him before his friends.

In order to end the scene he agreed to go. But he was going on his own terms. He would find a certain satisfaction in teaching her a lesson, by behaving from now on as formally as before he came to Mexico. It would infuriate her, he knew, and he looked forward to that. And when the four days were over, he could climb into that blissful, heavenly plane which would take him out of here, and then he need never see Juanita Donahue again.

The next morning when he went out into the brisk bright air just before sunrise to where Manuel and the horses were waiting, he was surprised to learn that Manuel was not going with them. Juanita had not yet appeared. The old Indian sidled close to him and pretended to be busy with the stirrup leather of one of the horses.

"The señorita is very brave," he

murmured, "but a little headstrong. There is trouble at the mine."

"What kind of trouble?"

"The kind it is best to stay out of," said Manuel, fumbling at the strap, his head bent. "My brother rode in from there two days ago. He says the soldiers are coming."

"What's going on up there?"

"They say the men steal; they say the yield is not enough, and that therefore a portion of it *must* be stolen; they say—"

"Who are 'they'?"

"The new owners."

"Are they German owners?"

"I have not seen them," said Manuel evasively. "They speak Spanish, the better to corrupt honest men, like my brother."

"How did they get control of the mine?"

"*Quien sabe?* They arrived. They brought machinery—fine machinery. They seem always to expect bonanzas. Then they are disappointed. Then they say the men steal."

"How many of them are there?"

"Enough. They brought many workmen with them from the coast—all armed. There is much talk of exploitation and increase in production. The mine was very rich once, in El Patron Grande's day. It had a reputation. They do not realize that without El Patron Grande—" Manuel laid a brown claw on Rodney's sleeve. "Señor—I am old—I have seen many things—do not go with her today."

Before Rodney could draw breath, Juanita came out of the house, looking



"Now exhale."

BY WADE MONROE



BY ED HUNTER

"We are now at the lowest point of the caverns."

fresh and smart in her well cut riding clothes and a gay sombrero.

"What's this about trouble at the mine?" Rodney queried.

"Hogwash!" she said easily. "Manuel is an alarmist. He'll scare you to death if you listen to him!"

"Mightn't he know what he's talking about?"

"Are you afraid?" she asked, with her upward look.

"I want to leave here on time Thursday morning, that's all."

"Well, I won't let them kidnap you!" She swung into the saddle unassisted.

"It's you they'd kidnap," he remarked, and mounted also.

"Oh, nonsense, Rodney! These are my own people. I know how to handle them!"

"Are you pals with all the soldiers too—and the new owners?"

"Why, I do believe you're nervous!" she laughed. "Don't be absurd! We needn't go near the mine, the hacienda stands quite separate, we'll be there before dark, and Innocencio has four stalwart sons to defend us!"

"O. K.," he said cheerfully, smiling at Manuel's dark discouraged face, and they rode out together with one pack mule to carry food and their overnight bags.

Manuel stood a long moment looking after them. He had tried—because he had grown very attached to this Americano who treated one as though one was, after all, a man. But it was not a thing one could speak straight out about, when the daughter of El

Patron Grande had made up her mind. He and his brother had shaken anxious heads over the señorita's orders, which had been forwarded to Innocencio at the hacienda. When the señorita and her lover reached the hacienda, the orders ran, all the horses were to be stolen—presumably by the military—and hidden up at the mine. Thus the señor's return by Thursday morning would be rendered impossible. To Manuel and his brother it seemed madness, in view of the conditions at the mine, to isolate oneself from fresh reliable horses. Besides—although this was, of course, no business of theirs—force was not the way to hold a man's heart.

★ THE trip was a grueling one, through very wild country, and Rodney wondered anew at her endurance and spirits as the day drew on. He rode beside her in receptive silence, his long body loose and easy in the roomy Mexican saddle. The beautiful, terrible desolation of the heights suited his mood. He felt between worlds, equidistant from adventure and regret; somber, pliant, submissive to a willful destiny. It seemed to matter very little any more what he did or didn't do.

Juanita seemed not to mind his silence nor to notice his preoccupation. Her pretty voice ran on tirelessly, though only bits of what she said really penetrated his comprehension—

"When I was little I used to set scorpions on to fight each other," she was saying against the strong sweet

song of a canyon wren which reached his ear more clearly than her words. "They're like cocks for fighting, did you know? But no blood comes of it—I hate blood! I'm not afraid of live things, though—like coralillo snakes, for instance; they're absolutely deadly, but I think they're beautiful. I'd like to wear one. Tarantulas are beautiful too, like black velvet. . . . The presidente of this next village is a pal of mine. Do you mind if we stop and chin awhile? He has the most amusing parrot that sits and screams 'Muy bien' at you. . . ."

They drank warm beer with the presidente, who was the village storekeeper as well as its mayor. He had been a handsome man once, and he swaggered rather pathetically in his infatuation with the señorita, who had obviously led him on in their previous encounters.

★ THEY paused for lunch in a deep ravine beside the sound of dripping water, which mitigated a little the immense silence in which they had moved since leaving the village presidente. The walls of the ravine were covered with cactus, its trees were festooned with honeysuckle and mistletoe. Vermilion flycatchers and little flocks of orange-and-black orioles were recorded by Rodney's observant subconscious.

After lunch, Juanita, lying back on her elbows with her boots crossed, was running on about how Mexico would always be for her the land of dreams, where everything came true, where nothing was surprising, and anything wonderful could always happen. "Abandono," she crooned, with lazy eyes on him. "Surrender—let the world wag. Mañana. Nothing here to deny the gospel of leisure they live by—the luxury of timelessness—the fine art of lotus-eating—"

The word struck his heart like a hammer on a gong. It was a word which belonged to Liz, to an era of peace and contentment he had forever forfeited. And for what? For a brace of gangling, ungrateful, sickly birds in little wicker cages, who might die and be damned if only he could get back that moment on the window seat and Liz in his arms saying, "Isn't this better than the Casa Paraiso?" He felt all the idle quiescence of the morning ride fade before sudden sharp crowding thoughts of things he had put behind him. This was not lotus-eating, this sticky interlude with a romanticizing woman who babbled platitudes. There was a word for it, though, and she knew what it was, and so did he. Feeling rather sick, he rose abruptly.

"How about making a slight effort to get off this trail before dark?" he said.

Juanita sighed as she rose, and said there was plenty of time.

New corn was up several inches high in fields enclosed by walls of lava in that valley. Burros crowded past them in the narrow trail cut into the winding barrancas, loaded with charcoal, barbed wire—of all things, casks of liquor, and sometimes bags of

ore; Indians in pink and lavender shirts and white *calzones*; women in blue or black *rebozos*. *Adiós*, they said gently in greeting and eternal farewell, as they passed by. *Adiós, señorita.*

Sometimes Juanita sang as she rode, in a clear sweet pipe, rather like a canary. The songs, such as *Mama Ines*, and the bawdy *Tu Ya No Soplas*, were all too big for her, and Rodney wished she wouldn't; whereas only the day before he might have joined in, as he was expected to, with certain verses of his own.

At last they edged round a sharp shoulder of rock with a sheer drop on the left, down, down, hundreds of feet down to treetops which looked like bushes at the bottom of the barranca where the silver thread of a stream wound. From there she pointed out, beyond the rise of another sharp ridge, the pale hacienda walls among the green.

"That's it!" she said proudly. "The going from here on in is simply frightful. I like it that way myself—heaven should be hard to get to, and mine is! Or should I say ours?"

The sun was dropping toward the west when they reached the hacienda she had once called home. It lit up with sharp golden light the long red scars of the mine workings on the slope of the mountain which rose close behind the house, and the graceful curve of an old aqueduct stood out against the green foliage. They rode through the great open gates into a

paved courtyard. Beyond a second superb arch draped in bougainvillea an alluring green patio showed.

No one came to meet them. There was no one in sight at all.

"This is certainly a palace," Rodney said as they dismounted. "I don't wonder you're proud of it."

"Forty rooms!" she said. "Most of them are closed off now. I wonder where everybody is. Innocencio!" Her voice was swallowed up by the blank vast walls of the courtyard.

"Well, that's funny," she said. "Let's go in."

They passed under the second arch into the inner patio where the fountain was, amid a pageant of well tended bloom. Still there was no sign of the family.

"Inez!" Juanita called with a growing urgency. "Innocencio!"

"Not a soul," said Rodney. "Looks as if they weren't expecting us."

"Well, they wouldn't just leave!" she cried, and led the way into the grand *sala*, whose tiled floor echoed to their footsteps. "Inez! Ramon!"

"All right, so you fixed it this way," said Rodney knowingly. "Why bother?"

"I did not!" Her blue eyes were bright with indignation. "Why would I fix it so we have to get our own dinner? Something's happened. Let's try the kitchen."

The kitchen was tidy and full of food but deserted. Even fresh vegetables had been brought in that morning, and the antiquated electric re-

frigerator was switched on and making ice. At least they would not starve.

"I simply don't understand it," she kept repeating. "Rodney, I think there's something very queer. Nine or ten people live in this house, counting the servants. Well, where are they?"

"Could they have gone up to the mine?"

"But why? Unless—"

"Well?"

"Well, there's a refuge at the mine," she said slowly. "We hid there for two days once ourselves, from brigands. But surely if they'd had some sort of alarm they'd have locked things up, they'd have made some effort to—to—" Her eyes went round the well-stocked kitchen. "And if they'd been kidnapped or anything like that there'd be some signs of struggle, the place would have been looted, or—"

"How's this for a sign?" he asked, looking out into the kitchen patio.

She came quickly to his side and then recoiled. The body of a dead soldier lay on the tiled floor outside, between the kitchen door and an arch through which the stables could be seen.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.

"Means the military have come. Means the shooting has started. Means maybe Manuel was right, and it's not so healthy around here."

Has Juanita's plot to get Rodney to herself backfired? Are they trapped at the hacienda? Next week, swiftly, dramatically, the story ends.

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THESE PEOPLE MAKE THE BEST PICTURES

Undergraduates at X University decide that So-and-So has the prettiest legs in the world. The Better Business Club of Y votes that Such-and-Such has the prettiest. So how is the poor public to know which way to look? Anyway, columnist Ed Sullivan thought, Why not ask some really qualified group to settle the matter once and for all, also a few other topics? So he submitted his questionnaire to hard-bitten veterans of the Press Photographers' Association of New York. Here's their verdict.



☆ HANDSOMEST MAN

ROBERT TAYLOR won out on this with Clark Gable and Tyrone Power runners-up. The gals' heartthrob, Victor Mature, polled only one vote.



☆ PRETTIEST LEGS

MARLENE DIETRICH led the field with a hundred and ten votes. Even Betty Grable's celebrated underpinnings got only seventy-nine.

HARRIS & EWING

☆ SPECIFIC CHARACTERISTICS



JUDGE LANDIS and his famed crushed felt hats.



MAYOR LaGUARDIA and his restless eyeglasses.



J. P. MORGAN and that swinging "stick" of his.



JOHN L. LEWIS and his bushy, beetling eyebrows.



MAYOR HAGUE (Jersey City) and his bodyguard.



MOST LIKABLE

HARRIS & EWING

ROOSEVELT WON, HANDS DOWN, as Jimmy Walker, yesterday's mayor of New York City, nosed out Wendell Willkie and so took second place.



☆ MOST PATIENT

THE LATE CARDINAL HAYES is apparently mourned by the photographers. They gave first place to him, gave Cordell Hull second.



☆ BEST DRESSED

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ran ahead of the sartorially famous Mrs. Harrison Williams and screen actress Kay Francis.



☆ MOST BEAUTIFUL

MADELEINE CARROLL piled up eighty-one votes. Next came Lady Mountbatten with thirty-two.



☆ MOST IMPATIENT

J. P. MORGAN and LaGUARDIA rated again. This was the only tie in all the voting. The runner-up here was Charles Boyer—then came Hepburn and Garbo.



☆ BEST DRESSED

MENJOU was voted in over the Duke of Windsor, Jimmy Walker, Grover Whalen, and William Rhinelanders Stewart. All of which was a triumph for Menjou!

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FISH STORY.

Yes, it happened! We're talking about the situation depicted on this week's cover. It happened along the stretches of a peaceful country stream near Pine Camp,



New York. It simply proves that the war reaches into all walks of life—including the wet and slithery upstream walk of the hitherto sovereign American fisherman. Our cover artist, Mr. Stephen Ronay, saw it happen. He thought it was funny—and significant. We do too. Mr. Ronay, who was born in Hungary, came over here years ago; became a citizen; made himself into one of America's foremost landscape painters, the kind that holds

one-man exhibitions in famous art galleries. On the side, to let off steam, he did—and still does—satirical and humorous cartoons. For exercise he fences with a saber; he doesn't poke, he slashes, which is tougher. He has a fourteen-year-old son in a military school near Peekskill, New York, who is already studying to be an aviator. Army preferably. . . . Oh, yes—about the fish! He got away.

LIKE MOST OF THE REST

of the world, Liberty has been referring to the captivating canine of the White House as Fala. It seems we and most of the rest of the world are wrong. Mrs. Roosevelt says it should be Fala—one "I"—since that is the way it was spelled by the Scot for whom he was named. We hasten to make the correction.

Incidentally, April 7 is Fala's birthday. He'll be two. In two short years Fala has become an international figure and a most important person—entirely without burning any cities and without murdering a soul.

HAIR DOWN.

"Taking your hair down" is good Americanese for coming clean, telling the truth without reservation. The First Lady wrote a whole book about herself in an honest effort to add herself up. In this issue of Liberty (see page 10) Raymond Clapper does the same job in something like 2,600 words: Reading time • 12 minutes 45 seconds. Don't miss this vivid article. It's friendly, it's kindly, but it's full of chuckles. It made us Liberty people realize, for the first time, exactly what it is that makes Eleanor Roosevelt tick. . . . If Raymond Clapper's name isn't familiar to you, it will be from now on. He's the Washington commentator of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers. Westbrook Pegler says he's the one columnist who kept hammering on the Japanese menace long before Pearl Harbor. We think he's tops. From now on you'll find him in Liberty.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

We are reminded of two ancient proverbs. The first, as we recall it, goes something like this: There are four things that don't return—time that has passed, the arrow that has been shot, the spoken word, and the neglected opportunity. What got us thinking about it is the fact that April 6 is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our first declaration of war against Germany. The neglected opportunity! That needs no comment today. Granting that we didn't clean the job up properly last time, here we are again with the same job ahead of us. Tougher now—but still the same job. This time, when we clean things up, we're

going to make it stick. . . . So the neglected opportunity doesn't return? It does and it has. Another equally ancient proverb takes care of that: The exception proves the rule.

NO ERRORS.

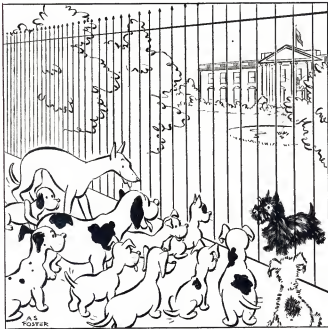
A no-error ball game is something. A no-error sports writer would be a miracle man. But Fred Lieb, author of the piece about Mel Ott in this issue, comes close to being that. He's a veteran newspaper sports writer, with baseball his first love. He knows so much about baseball that he has repeatedly held the job of official scorer for both big leagues. What Bill Cunningham says about him ties it up: "Lieb is a real veteran of baseball and is universally considered authoritative by everybody connected with the game." When you read Liberty, we like to think, that's the kind of authority you get. . . . In two words, the best.

HIGH-LINER.

Even in our fiction we go for the same sort of authority. A lot of men pretend they don't like to read fiction—"something that never actually happened." No argument, gentlemen! It's like the old lady who kissed the cow . . . and we don't have to write down the pay-off on that one, it's so ancient. But, just for fun, try Bill Gulick's story on page 26. Two reasons: First, it's a man's story. Second, Bill Gulick was a high-liner himself. What's a high-liner? We think it's worth a few minutes of anybody's time to find out.

The Editors

FALA



"I'll see what I can do for you boys—but it's kind of a difficult time to ask for pensions."

Cockeyed Crosswords by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

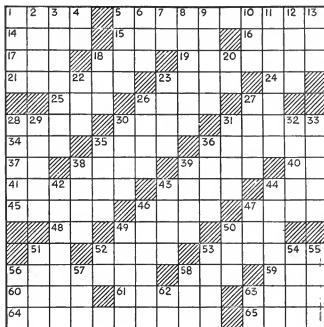
- 1 Beat the ground with clubs, and utter wild imprecations to heaven
- 8 Mechanized pincushions
- 14 Abner's chum, slightly mineralized
- 18 Hitler is Shickelgruber's what?
- 16 Old hot song: ---, Come Back to Me!
- 17 It brings the sparkle to a dame's eye
- 18 Cook made a hat of it
- 19 Got little nations to co-operate (Nazi)
- 20 Damped him down and softened him up (fem.)
- 22 After it goes, and the rim, what?
- 24 Why, this, of course! (abbr.)
- 25 The first of August
- 26 Nickname for a six-footer
- 27 Chief complaint of the Lonely Hearts

- 28 Club (abbr.)
- 29 What greyhound race enthusiasts always go to
- 30 They've been operating a pincher movement for years
- 31 Sessick telegraph
- 34 The way to put an end to 3 Vertical
- 35 Calls for the bottles so's she can fill them (bovine)
- 36 Original Clyde Beatty
- 37 What the Dodgers play in (abbr.)
- 38 "There's no ---" according to horse sense
- 39 Nazis of Chicago
- 40 A pretty girl urging you to go buy-buy (abbr.)
- 41 Chief ingredient of grammaw's picaresque
- 43 Arrive
- 44 Somebody Save England (abbr.)
- 45 Bum rasters
- 46 Window shade over sister's sitting room
- 47 What finance companies make of one
- 48 Road edges
- 49 A semiprecious for Very Precious
- 50 It's gold-filled
- 51 Tannin note
- 52 Wot the Limes called Upkins, the Hamerican
- 53 Thus far MacArthur is -----
- 54 Dot Hitler, he vichys he could got these place, hein?
- 58 Willow wand to

- drive horsehide-covered things
- 59 Where golfers start their spring plowing
- 60 Would mine were all twenties!
- 61 The tearful turnip
- 63 War saying: "----- today, zoner to-morrow!"
- 64 Win-the-Warville
- 65 Kind of rations we'll soon dish out to Hitler and Hirohito

VERTICAL

- 1 Jack Bennydictions
- 2 Margy, she's soft as butter
- 3 Sittin'-Room Blues
- 4 Foolish Mamas! (abbr.)
- 5 Bill's welcome sign
- 6 Ancient
- 7 Midget Texas (abbr.)
- 8 Lincoln villas
- 9 99 per cent a month
- 10 What doctors' bills make me
- 11 City with a dark, dark past
- 12 What love's good for in five-cent magazines
- 13 Glum-chopped
- 14 What the chorus girl put a lot of in her singing
- 15 French end of foregoing
- 16 Highway bully
- 17 Money worth waiting for (pl.)
- 18 A wrench in the heck
- 19 The Japs sure get one out of MacArthur
- 20 A bustle rustle



- 25 Looks things over from the ground up (nase.)
- 26 What he got with the thirty-cent blue plate
- 27 Carried to put on the dog
- 28 This can be broken by a wild party
- 29 Old Sinproof, the Joy Killer
- 30 Where Canadians shone in 1914
- 31 How babies feel
- 32 Dogpatch war
- 33 Lovely creature from Brooklyn, New York
- 34 Wakeful fellows
- 35 What Caesar is blue plate
- 36 Vassar gal's revelation
- 37 What Athens did full-grown from her Pop's brow
- 38 Squidget, found in Xwords
- 39 Irish constellation
- 40 It makes horses gas up
- 41 Startin' funny, winds
- 42 Who'll never be beaten? (abbr.)
- 43 Ad for impending debaucherization
- 44 Windy beginning
- 45 Red, white, and blue of Broadway
- 46 It takes pull
- 47 Kind of
- 48 Critical burp
- 49 There's a catch to being this, kids
- 50 What say if you meet the farmer's dotter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

LAY DEER MASS
AVE ANODE IDOL
VILL MUTED SEMI
ADE WEI TENET
MOWED BAR
LINE GAK CRO TRAP
DOTT BEACED JURAL
TIDE HAN ORAL
OUR FEMLE CATE
MS DAD NASITIS
REV CETIC
UNION ADAL
TIRE HORAL MAGI
NRE ELATE AMEN
WAT NOTED RESH

Last week's answer

"M-M-M...HOT CORNSTICKS! BETTER GET SOME MORE PARKAY!"

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